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# THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW

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APRIL, 1927

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## SHELLEY ONCE MORE

SEVENTEEN years ago, when Mr. Clutton-Brock published his study of Shelley, he remarked that the complete biography of the poet had been 'written once and for all by Professor Dowden.' Now comes the two-volume *Life*<sup>1</sup> by Professor Peck, surpassing that of Dowden in minute detail, correcting some of its errors, and adding considerably to our knowledge of the facts. We shall have many more studies of Shelley, but we are not likely soon to find another scholar willing to go so deeply and so searchingly into the mine as Mr. Peck has gone; the vein is running thin now, and prospectors are not attracted by the chance of finding only occasional bits of gold-dust.

Biographers have indeed been busy over Shelley since his death something more than a century ago, so busy that a reader finds himself asking whether all this stir is not greatly out of proportion to the intrinsic merits of the outward events of the poet's life. Has the zest for information about his departures from convention been at the root of much of the interest? Opinions about his life and work vary widely—all the way from Arnold's 'beautiful and *ineffectual* angel' judgement to Quiller-Couch's assertion that 'Shelley has much to teach us yet'; from Swinburne's 'He was alone the perfect singing-god' to Dixon's remark that 'by speaking of Shelley as the fellow of Shakespeare we go near losing all standard of criticism altogether.'

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<sup>1</sup> *Shelley: His Life and Work*. By Walter Edwin Peck. Two volumes. (Ernest Benn Ltd., London.)

A biographer of Shelley is confronted with one great difficulty—a difficulty greater perhaps than in the case of any other English poet of importance, unless indeed it be that of Byron; he is confronted with the fact that in relating the outward events of his life he is dealing with the accidental, the mortal, part of the man, whereas it is only Shelley's poetry, his immortal part, that counts. It is much as if, in writing an account of a Stradivarius violin, one should relate in elaborate detail the story of the tree from which the wood was obtained, and all the minutiae of sawing, drying, shaping, and gluing. Doubtless there is value in such narrative, but the really, and almost only, important fact about a Stradivarius is the marvel of its tone. If the story of its making will help us to appreciate that, well and good; if not, we find ourselves asking, *Cui bono?* After all, the story of Shelley's life does not quite explain the wonder and the beauty of his poetry. I fancy that for a time we have had enough of strictly biographic fact. Having now almost all the narrative of events before us, we may turn to a study of what really counts—a study of the poetry; and I suspect that a good many who have followed with avidity the 'chatter about Harriet' are none too familiar at first hand with the text of the poet's song.

Much of Shelley's life—most of it, perhaps—seems sordid and shabby enough to a critical onlooker. The supercilious attitude can be easily understood. It is not difficult for an unsympathetic observer to note that Shelley was a being peculiar to the point of insanity, and that his peculiarities were accentuated by the course of his life. His hatred of oppression clearly seems to have grown out of his personal experiences. He played at philanthropy and reform. Could anything, for example, appear more futile than his setting adrift bottles containing political tracts, or commissioning his manservant to placard the neighbourhood of Barnstaple with the 'Declaration of Rights'? Passionately opposed to any infliction of suffering, he yet in his own person

caused acute pain to many with whom he was thrown into contact. His generousities were not virtues, if virtue consist in the noble performance of that which one selfishly does not wish to do. It was evidently easy for Shelley to give. It is not unusually difficult for a man of such impulsively generous nature to bestow money that he has not himself earned. A man who has made an unfortunate early marriage may be forgiven by some for turning to one in whom he recognizes fullness of sympathy and love, and to whom he remains loyal; but what about the man who finds affinities in rapid succession—the man who seems to know no loyalties? It cannot be denied that his was a life of feverish unrest, of flittings hither and yon, of frequent indulgence in drugs—a life lived at high speed and high temperature. Well might the plaintive chorus of Arnold's care-filled English, who

. . . see all sights from pole to pole,  
And glance, and nod, and bustle by,  
And never once possess their soul  
Before they die,

have fallen spontaneously from Shelley's lips. 'The palpitating and feverish emotions of Shelley have nothing in common with the calm pleasures and majestic pains of minds in serene possession of themselves like those of Sophocles, of Dante, and of Shakespeare.' The unsympathetic observer thinks of Shelley's dragging tired women over the Continent; of Mary's frequent miscarriages consequent upon disturbed habits of life; of that hurried journey of 1818 across fierce summer Italy which resulted in the death of the infant Clara. Of such things Shelley's life was all too full, and it is easy to pass Pharisaical judgement upon them. Too often little allowance is made for the distractions against which he had to contend. It is not easy to conceive how trying it must have been for a young, high-spirited, erratic, and incipient poet to be the dutiful son of the well-meaning, yet blundering, bewildered, and incoherent Timothy Shelley. When,

in a letter of 1819 to Peacock, Shelley referred to himself as 'an exile and a *Pariah*,' he summarized the background of most of his life.

'Only by bringing together the testimony of all the witnesses,' wrote Professor Dowden in 1906, 'and by collating this with the poet's writings—his verse, his prose, his earlier and later letters—and with the facts of his life, can the true Shelley be known.' Professor Peck has undertaken to do just this thing, and yet, as I turn the last page of the biography, I find myself asking whether the new work has changed our former notion of Shelley. Does he not remain essentially what we had previously conceived him to be? The points of view and the methods of Shelley's three chief biographers differ widely. Hogg and Dowden were hampered: Hogg by personal motives and temperamental eccentricities, Dowden by striving to please the Shelley family. Peck was free to write as he chose. He has been, however, oppressed by the quantity of source material. His book is a vast *omnium gatherum*, but the matter is not sufficiently fused. My chief regret is that, in venturing upon interpretation, he has been too diffident. Wherever he has fused his matter, overcome his timidity, and ventured upon personal judgement, his work is at its best, and one regrets the lack of audacity which has so frequently paralysed him. On the other hand, he has done well in pointing out the value of Mary Shelley's fiction as source material for the biography; nothing of the kind has been so thoroughly done by previous Shelley students. I hope that some day, when Mr. Peck has had an opportunity to sit down and meditate upon his vast Shelleyan labours, he will write a brief interpretative sketch of the poet.

There was nothing subtle about Shelley; it required little art to find the mind's construction in his face. He generally acted upon his first impulses, and repented, as he often did repent, during most uncomfortable periods of leisure. Mary was right, I think, when she said that 'in all he did, he at

the time of doing it believed himself justified to his own conscience.' It is remarkable, too, how well Shelley knew himself in many ways—far better, it seems, than some of those who have written to explain him. In reading all that has been said about him, we need to keep in mind what he said about himself.

A few revealing passages from his letters, a small collection of Hogg's radiantly expressive sentences, a number of Mary's flashes of sympathetic insight bring the essential Shelley clearly before us. 'What a strange being I am; how inconsistent, in spite of all my boasted hatred of self: this moment thinking I could so far overcome nature's law, as to exist in complete seclusion, the next starting from a moment of solitude—starting from my own company, as if it were that of a fiend—seeking anything rather than a continued communion with *self*. Unravel this mystery, but—no, I tell you to find the clue which even the bewildered explorer of the cavern cannot reach.' Thus he wrote to Hogg in 1811. Several chapters of biography are required to fill the outlines of that revealing self-analysis, and at the end the self-analysis only illuminates the facts of the narrative. 'You know my habitual, my constitutional inability to deal with monied men,' he wrote to Godwin in 1816. How admirably brief and final is such a statement! In speaking of *Epi-psychidion* he says: 'It is an idealized history of my life and feelings. I think one is always in love with something or other; the error, and I confess it is not easy for spirits cased in flesh and blood to avoid it, consists in seeking in a mortal image the likeness of what is perhaps eternal.' Again, in a letter, he remarks: 'Some of us have, in a prior existence, been in love with an Antigone, and that makes us find no full content in any mortal tie.' What can the biographers add to those statements by way of making us understand his ways with women? Even Mary sadly admits the truth of Shelley's self-revelation. 'Adrian, the matchless brother of my soul,' she wrote in *The Last Man*, 'the sensitive

and excellent Adrian, loving all, and beloved by all, yet seemed destined not to find the half of himself which was to complete his happiness.' Did not the poet who wrote of himself as

A pardlike Spirit beautiful and swift—  
A Love in desolation masked ; a Power  
Girt round with weakness

have a fairly adequate understanding of himself in at least two aspects? Those lines seem to me to reveal the very secret of Shelley's nature ; they are his way of saying with Paul, 'For God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts . . . but we have this treasure in earthen vessels.'

I am of those who believe that Shelley's life was justified by his poetry. To but one thing did he attain in anything like fullness—to lyric utterance. As Tennyson said of Swinburne, Shelley was a reed through which all things blew into music. Unfortunately, Shelley himself did not fully recognize the worth of his supreme gift. 'I consider poetry very subordinate to moral and political science,' he wrote to Peacock, 'and if I were well, certainly I would aspire to the latter.' And again to Peacock he wrote with reference to a hoped-for political appointment in India : 'I wish I had something better to do than furnish this jingling food for the hunger of oblivion, called verse, but I have not ; and since you give me no encouragement about India, I cannot hope to have.' When I read such words, I feel like sighing with Andrea del Sarto,

And thus we half-men struggle.

For the words indicate the extent to which Shelley was fettered, and I maintain that a man's enduring performance is in proportion to his freedom from preconceived notions and the limitations of his own personality. Thus Shakespeare is supreme, as one who could stand aloof from himself. Thus Milton must rank below Shakespeare, because Milton could never escape from his own shadow. Mr. Peck himself falls into acceptance of Shelley's error. 'The passion for



reform which would not let Shelley rest, still indisputably stirs the hearts of men, and that passion . . . that vision . . . which caused him to realize not only the necessity of certain reforms in politics, society, and government . . . have endeared him as none of these same priceless lyrics have to the hearts of men suffering under the whips and scorns of time and all the manifold injustices of our commercial civilization.' I cannot help feeling that at this point Mr. Peck has allowed his enthusiasm to carry him away. To how many oppressed toilers Shelley's labours in behalf of reform have appealed we have, of course, no way of ascertaining. I venture to assert, however, that for one whom his political and social theories—mostly second-hand, by the way—have touched, a thousand have been moved by the power of his poet's utterance. It is the soul of his lyrical cry that counts, not his schemes for the cure of this and that particular grievance. Moreover, as Emerson long ago pointed out, 'it is of little moment that one or two or twenty errors of our social system be corrected, but of much that the man be in his senses.'

The men and the women who are bearing the burdens of the world to-day are almost immeasurably freer in a material way than they were a century and a quarter ago. They have been emancipated from manifold injustices of commercial civilization. Their leisure increases with the years. And this emancipation has resulted chiefly from the labours of those who have first caught a vision of the true freedom of the spirit, and it will continue to increase only as the power of the vision inspires others. The servitude of the burden-bearers of to-day—and of the employers, as well—is chiefly within: it is a servitude of the spirit. What is going to make their lives more beautiful, more bright, more attractive within? What is going to give them inner resources? Not tracts on political reform, but a growing perception of the beauty of the universe, a perception of the fact that 'the spiritual world is only the present world looked at from

another side,' the ability to see 'every common bush aflame with God.' And the poet has an overwhelming share in revealing this beauty and helping men to appreciate it.

Strangely enough, Shelley knew this; in his *Defence of Poetry* he says that 'poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world.' But his eye was not single; he was uncomfortably doubtful; he seems never in his inmost soul to have been entirely sure that the poet must work in one way and the practical statesman in another. He seems to have found it difficult to acquiesce in the fact that the statesman works in time and upon matter, the poet in eternity and upon spirit, and that the poet is ever stronger, because he compels by helping men to see that the ideal is beautiful and desirable. It is fortunate for the world when practical statesmen sit at the feet of great poets, for that is where they belong. To me at least it is sad to see a great poet sitting at the feet of the servants of this world, however worthy they may be.

But Mr. Peck continues in his enthusiasm. 'For this reason it seems to me that all the tears which editors and biographers have shed over Shelley's obstinate and self-willed perversion from the path of "pure poetry" have been shed uselessly, and without regard for the real basis of Shelley's importance to our literature.' Of course there is no use in shedding tears over the matter. Shelley is what he was, and could not have been otherwise. Mr. Clutton-Brock remarks that we cannot tell what Shelley's 'final beliefs would have been.' It is partly this tendency to speculate on the impossible which makes Shelley appear elusive and baffling to many people: he seems to them like the torso of a Greek statue; and they are always wanting to restore the lost portions. But there are no lost portions of the Shelley statue; as Matthew Arnold wrote to Sidney Colvin about Keats, 'If Keats could have lived, he might have done anything; but he *could not have lived*; his not living, we must consider, was more than an accident.' We need speculate no more about what Shelley might have



been ; what he was is enough. There is an entire Shelley, just as there is an entire Keats—the Shelley and the Keats whom Providence wrought full circle in the sphere of time. We have only ourselves to blame if we do not turn to a consideration of the Shelley whom Providence ordained. And I am strongly convinced that when we do consider him thus, we shall evaluate him not as reformer, not as philanthropist, but as poet, as one who caught a vision—not a steady or sure one, by any means, yet still a vision—of that supreme beauty which, when once seen, for ever haunts the human soul and makes it nobler, inasmuch as it cannot again be satisfied with the vain shows and imperfections of Earth. Even so '*the hues of sunset have for us their revelation*' ; they too are broken lights, and yet they bear witness to 'the white radiance of Eternity.' Mr. Peck himself, in one of his best moments, reaches the same conclusion, and expresses his belief that Shelley 'felt rather than reasoned his way toward the millennium ; and his greatest poems, their strength and their weakness, spring from his absolute surrender to his emotions.'

The adequate, the satisfying, interpretation of Shelley waits to be written. When it is written, it will concern itself with Shelley as he was. It will be based upon Shelley's letters and works, upon the penetrating insights of Mary and of Hogg, and upon the happiest judgements of the most fortunate of his critics. The successful interpreter will need to be a rare spirit—one possessed of large sympathy, with no preconceived notions from which he cannot detach himself, one who unites the mind of a little child and the intellect of a strong man, one who can understand what it is to be weak and wayward and wilful, to err and to be forgiven, one who has caught a vision of life in the heart of death. Mr. Peck has helped to make it easier to write such an interpretation, and he will have his reward. His biography will be the point of departure for future study of Shelley.

WALDO H. DUNN.

## THE LORD OF INDIA'S THOUGHT

**T**HERE has been no more significant development in the religious thinking of India, in recent years, than the increasing acceptance of Christian standards. This is the more remarkable because the same period has seen the growth of a severely critical attitude towards everything Western, including Western religion.

The *Zeitgeist* in India is at present moving primarily in the realm of politics, and not of religion. The real deity whom Indians worship to-day is 'Mother India'; for her they are willing to suffer and, if need be, to die. Most young Indians feel that the gods and goddesses of Hinduism are the most satisfactory expressions of 'Mother India' available. Accordingly the young men are powerfully attracted just now to Hinduism. However it may repel them intellectually, it has a certain emotional appeal as the religion of the Motherland. The rising tide of nationalism is leading to reaction against organized Christianity as being Western. It is the more significant that, in spite of this, the most striking progress that has been made in recent years in the realm of religion in India is undoubtedly in a Christian direction.

It is not to be inferred from this that great numbers of educated Indians are accepting Christianity as their own personal faith. As a matter of fact, the number doing so is not considerable. The numerical growth of Christianity in India is mainly amongst the lower castes and the outcaste community. In modern India, as in the early years of the Christian era, Christianity makes headway mainly from the bottom up. Fully 100,000 people, chiefly from the lower strata of Indian society, are becoming Christians every year. The Indian Christian Church shows an increase of 22·5 per cent. in the last ten years as against an increase of 1·2 per cent. in the general population—a far more rapid growth than

that of any other faith in the land. But it is not the numerical growth of the Church which has led to the almost complete capture by Christ of the citadel of India's thought.

Educated India does not seem to find much that is attractive in the Christian Church to-day : on the contrary, it appears to be repelled alike by Christianity as a system, and by the Church as its Western organized form. The art and architecture, the music and ritual, of the Church are essentially Western, and the educated Indian, throbbing with nationalism, finds these things a hindrance rather than a help. He anxiously inquires whether the little Victorian Gothic churches, which in some places adorn Mission compounds to-day, are to be erected in every Indian village ; whether a liturgy that grew out of the religious life of sixteenth-century England is in future to be heard everywhere in place of the time-honoured Indian *mantras* ; whether the hymns and tunes of American revivalists must displace the *bhajans* of Tukaram ; whether the fisher-folk of Chittagong must make their prostrations according to the rules of Anglo-Catholicism or in accordance with the age-long traditions of their own land.

The truth—not the Western formulation of it—is what India wants. She will construct her own formulae and elaborate her own theories, and give birth to her own heresies, and produce her own Authorised Version in her own flexible vernaculars. What she needs is to get hold of the great fructifying ideas of Christianity, and she herself will express them in line with her own aesthetic heritage.

It is a person, rather than an institution, to which the heart of India will go out. It is *bhakti* (devotion), rather than a clear-cut creed or a doctrinal system, that will evoke her love and loyalty. Some proof of this is found in the fact that, while organized Christianity is making but slow progress among educated Indians, Christ is rapidly dominating their thought. A subtle change has taken place in recent years from bitterness to appreciation.

In pre-war days Indians thought that the West was trying to force upon them a cultus. They did not distinguish between Christianity and Westernism; they regarded Christianity and Western civilization as almost synonymous. To-day, however, India is making the discovery that she can have the one without the other. Indeed, some are going so far as to speak of the West as a part of the non-Christian world. As long as Christianity and Western civilization are confused in men's minds, enthusiastic nationalists will inevitably regard the missionary enterprise with suspicion. Until this point is cleared up, Christ labours under a severe handicap in India. 'Do you mean to say,' said a Hindu lawyer to Dr. Stanley Jones, 'that you are not here to wipe out our civilization and replace it with your own? Do you mean that your message is Christ without any implications that we must accept Western civilization? I have hated Christianity, but if Christianity is Christ, I do not see how we Indians can hate it' (*The Christ of the Indian Road*, by E. Stanley Jones). While India has clearly no use for Westernism, she is willing to learn of Christ. She can understand Him and His teaching. She recognizes Him as an Oriental, and she is beginning to distinguish between Him and the Western expression of the religion He founded. When Christ is preached, India listens, and it is He who is winning India to-day.

In 1916, in the National Congress at Poona, a Hindu gentleman, in addressing the Congress, used the name of Christ. He was immediately hissed down and not permitted to resume his speech. In 1925, the Hindu President of the National Congress, in giving his presidential address, quoted with approval many long passages from the New Testament, including the account of the Crucifixion of Jesus from the fourth Gospel, while there were some seventy references to Christ in that Congress. That momentous change was made in nine years. Perhaps no book is more widely quoted in India to-day than the Bible. For one quotation in public

speeches from the sacred writings of Hinduism or Islam, there are six quotations from the Bible. It may be that some of these quotations can be accounted for on the ground of the golden diction of the Bible ; a much greater number are due to the familiarity with the Bible gained by thousands of Indians who have received their education in Mission High Schools. Whatever be the reason, the fact cannot be doubted that India is learning of Christ. She is under His spell. At a great political meeting Mohammed Ali, the leader of the Indian Moslems, wishing to pay a compliment to Mr. Gandhi, called him 'that Christ-like man.' He did not compare him with Mohammed or Krishna, or even Buddha, but with Jesus Christ. The *Vedic Magazine*, the bitterly hostile organ of the Arya Samaj, calls Mahatma Gandhi 'this modern Christ.' It is not at all an uncommon thing nowadays for quite leading Hindus to admit publicly that 'the problems of the day arise through the lack of the spirit of Jesus Christ in the affairs of men.' Christ is the standard by which a man's moral worth is increasingly being judged in India. Not so long since a missionary in North India saw a man who lived in his neighbourhood reading a copy of *The Imitation of Christ* whilst waiting on a railway station. Friendly inquiry revealed the fact that he had read it many times and knew almost the whole of it by heart. His well-thumbed copy was his constant companion, and was marked all through in red and black ink. The man did not openly call himself a Christian, but he acknowledged that Christ ruled all this thought. He was very near to being a disciple.

Christian standards are now widely accepted by educated non-Christians. 'Isn't it our Christian duty to help our Moslem brothers ?' asked an Indian of Dr. Stanley Jones. What made the question significant was that the questioner was a Hindu ! People who are not themselves Christians tacitly accept the standards of Christ. One of the constant criticisms levelled by Indians against Western Christians is

that, when judged by the very principles they are in India to proclaim, they make a very poor showing. It is significant that it is never the Christian standards themselves that are called in question, never Christ who is assailed, but only those who cannot stand such exacting examination. A leading Brahmo Samajist said recently, 'There is no one else who is seriously bidding for the heart of the world except Jesus Christ ; there is no one else in the field.'

Without a doubt, India is acknowledging the moral authority and leadership of Jesus Christ. Mr. Kanakarayan T. Paul, a recognized leader in the Indian Christian Church, has said that 'the most interesting thing about India to-day is the open acknowledgement of Christ.' Christian ideals in regard to children, women, and outcastes are spreading widely and gaining acceptance. Old rules of caste are giving place to ideals and practices of brotherhood and fellowship ; the privileges of rank are coming to be valued less than the privileges of service to the community ; intelligent prayer is in many cases taking the place of meaningless repetition and ritual superstition ; in some quarters Christ is openly proclaimed as the greatest of the world's teachers and the noblest of God's many incarnations of Himself in human form. 'Don't you think,' asked a Hindu lawyer recently, 'that Hinduism will gradually evolve till it passes into Christianity?' No one resented the question ; indeed, all seemed to think it natural that Hinduism should pass away and Christianity remain.

The mind of India is open and accessible. There is emerging to-day something in the nature of a mass movement of the intellect of India towards the Christian position. The thinking of the educated section of the population is steeped in Christian notions to such an extent that it can be claimed that more than any one else Jesus Christ is the real Ruler of India. Of course, great numbers of educated men in India, as everywhere else, are selfishly absorbed in personal and domestic affairs. It is the idealists, the moral and



intellectual cream of the land, whose thought is becoming so dominated by Christ. But in India more than in most countries it is the idealists who count, and they are under the spell of Christ.

No man has contributed more to this astonishing result than Mahatma Gandhi. Though not himself a Christian, he has done more than any other living man to place Christ at the centre of India's thought. He acknowledges Christ as the world's greatest religious teacher, and in that sense declares himself 'a humble disciple of Jesus Christ.' He affirms that the New Testament is, with the Bhagavad Gita, the book that has most of all been influential in shaping his life's ideals. Perhaps Mr. Gandhi has done more than any one else in India to distinguish between Jesus Christ and His embodiment in the life of the Western peoples, who have only partly obeyed Him. Mr. Natarayan, the editor of *The Indian Social Reformer*, states in so many words that the sway of Christ in the minds of educated Indian people is largely due to Mr. Gandhi. Again and again Mr. Gandhi has acknowledged in public his indebtedness to Christ; again and again he has urged his followers to study the Gospels as he himself does; again and again he has focused upon the figure of Jesus the attention of the immense public that listens spellbound to his every word. It hardly needs saying that in this Mr. Gandhi would be but a voice crying in the wilderness were it not for the patient preparatory work done throughout India by a host of devoted missionaries, whose work has made the Gospels familiar and quotations from them intelligible. Mr. Natarayan's words are impressive. 'It is curious,' he writes, 'that while the prosecution and imprisonment of Mahatma Gandhi has shaken the faith of some people in the efficacy of morality and non-violence as a political method, it has prompted a much larger number—including several who had set themselves for years to counteract the proselytizing work of Christian Missions—to turn to the figure of Christ upon the Cross in reverent

contemplation. Orthodox Hindus, militant Arya Samajists, devout Mohammedans, and, of course, Brahmos, have had their minds turned to Calvary in commenting upon that event. It may be said without exaggeration that the Mahatma in jail has achieved in a short while what Christian Missions had not in a hundred years, with all their resources of men and money—he has turned India's face to Christ upon the Cross.' Up till quite recently to preach the Cross in India was a supremely difficult and apparently unrewarding task. To-day the Cross has become intelligible. What the whole body of missionaries could not do in fifty years Mr. Gandhi has done by his trial and imprisonment. He has helped India to understand the Cross. Many an Indian has been heard to say, 'I never understood Christianity until I saw it in Gandhi.' The frequent comparisons that have been made between Christ and Mr. Gandhi amount to a tacit acknowledgement both of the inadequacy of purely Hindu standards and of the widespread recognition of the authority and sway of Christ.

The Kingdom of God has come nearer in these years in India, even though the report of its approach has not been loudly proclaimed. Those, however, whose business it is to watch for the coming affirm that the day cannot be long delayed when there will be manifested in the full light what has so long been in process beneath the surface. They more than hope, they expect, that a bolt will be shot back before long, and the shut gates will swing open, and India will acclaim her Lord. The path has been prepared and the way made ready by the saturation of the Indian moral atmosphere with Christian ideas and ideals. The mind of India is under the spell of Christ. If He is not yet the Lord of her whole life, at least He is of her thought.

It is doubtful if missionary forces operating in India ever set themselves as a matter of deliberate strategy to steep her thinking in Christian notions. In any case, no saner strategy could have been devised. Things are not propagated in



India by means of organizations and in the way familiar to the West. The method of India is permeation. Ideas spread from life to life, and silently leaven the whole. This is in line with the Indian genius, and it was in this way that the ideas of the great religious teachers of India's past percolated through the population.

India is, *par excellence*, the land in which thought is a whole, somewhat amorphous perhaps, but a whole none the less. There is no dichotomy, marking off the secular from the sacred. Religion for India is as all-pervading as the air. It penetrates into every nook and cranny of a Hindu's life, so that he can never escape from its influence. It presides over his birth and training; it decides his education and business; it arranges the details of his marriage and family life. It is that which unifies the whole. No change, therefore, can be made in the religious life of the people without causing disintegration to the whole social fabric. Where religion is so all-pervading, the method of saturation would seem to be the most rewarding. By this means the passage from Hinduism to Christianity can be made by educated people as a kind of evolution. The first necessity therefore is to naturalize Christianity; to let it strike its roots into Indian soil and become truly indigenous. Until it has done so, it will remain, in the eyes of all thinking Indians, an exotic; a thing of the West, an accompaniment of the British *raj*; a denationalizing influence. Before India can be christianized, Christianity must be naturalized.

The peculiarly Indian way of religious advancement is to saturate the atmosphere and thus make it possible, not merely for individuals to be won, but for whole communities, as one man, to move towards the new position. The mass movement is essentially Indian. Such movements have long been known among the submerged sixth—the outcastes of India. A whole community moves *en masse*. They see, or think they see, that there is a chance for them in Christianity, and as one man they come over. In time the

background, or setting of their life, gets slowly steeped in Christian ideas, until at last the day comes when a Church can be formed, and men and women can be sworn of the tribe of Christ. But the first approach is made, not by an individual, but by the whole community.

It is at least possible that we are about to see something similar amongst the caste people. In any case, the conditions are being prepared, the mental background is being christianized, and the ethical rulership of Christ is being freely acknowledged.

The method of saturation presupposes an attitude of sympathy and appreciation. It involves for Westerners the dropping once and for all of any conscious strut of superiority. The attitude of denunciation, which has long been going, must finally disappear. Iconoclasm can and must be left to the ex-idolater, who has borne its yoke and felt its fetters on his spirit. The Indian mind and soul can and must be respected, and it must be believed that God can find His own way there. The Christian task is to arouse rather than to convince, to serve rather than to dominate, to draw by Christian fellowship rather than to compel by logical argument. Already Indians are beginning to acclaim Christ as an Eastern, and some are asking if their own country's wonderful spiritual pilgrimage may not be a *praeparatio evangelica*, and whether in their case, as well as in that of the Hebrews, Christ came to fulfil rather than to destroy.

That certain Christian ideas have been integrated with the thinking of India to-day cannot be doubted. The danger is lest India shall be content with the few that she has got. Educated India has recognized Christ's moral authority, but not His absoluteness and supremacy. Perhaps this is due to the fact that for centuries everything in India has been regarded as relative, and nothing as absolute and final. Keshab Chunder Sen and other Brahmo Samajists have made amazingly Christian speeches, but they seemed unable to recognize the absoluteness of Christ's position.

The spread of Christian ideas is only another proof, if another is needed, of the fact that Hinduism and Islam are, for an increasing number of educated Indians, spiritually bankrupt. Neither has any great liberating word to speak to the intellect of India. Both of these great religions are in process of intellectual disintegration. Social ideals from the West, based on such Christian notions as the sacredness of personality, and the infinite value of the individual, have penetrated, and in part dissolved, the Moslem and Hindu social systems. Western science has dealt them even more shattering blows, for neither of these faiths has the intellectual equipment necessary to stand against the solvent of the modern scientific view of life. On the purely religious side the situation is no less striking. In both Hinduism and Islam there are reform movements afoot. Attempts are being made to explain away the features of those faiths which the growing Christian conscience of India increasingly condemns, and even to give a Christian veneer to certain features and personalities of those religions. For example, the Brahmo Samaj, of which Rabindranath Tagore is a distinguished member, is a reform movement within Hinduism, but it has incorporated so many Christian features that many of its booklets might be mistaken for the Christian writings of a Unitarian Englishman.

It is worth noting that in both Hinduism and Indian Islam there are violently aggressive anti-Christian movements. The Arya Samaj is fiercely opposed to the christianizing tendencies of the Brahmo and other Samajes, while the Hindu Mahasabha is bestirring itself all over India to recover the converts whom Hinduism is losing to Christianity. Similarly the Ahmadiya movement within Islam is doing eager propagandist work, partly of a literary, and partly of an educational kind, the brunt of the attack being directed against Christianity; it even has launched a Mission for the conversion of England, and has a couple of mosques in this country. The very fact that hostility has been provoked

is yet another tribute to the increasing influence of Christianity.

As in the past, so in the future, India's heart will be given to a person rather than a creed. Brahma has been too distant, too impersonal, and the spiritual yearning of the most religious people on earth has created scores and hundreds of divine incarnations. The same deep desire for a personal God, one who is warm and near, and 'made like unto his brethren in all things,' is seen again in the religious poems of Tulsi Das and Tukaram. India's wealth of devotion (*bhakti*) seeks for some adequate object upon which, or whom, to pour itself out. India yearns for a PERSON.

Mrs. Besant, who claims to be completely Indian in her thought, has seen this, and put forward a Brahman youth named Krishnamurti, and proclaimed him as the Coming One. But India has so far shown comparatively little interest in the lad. The amazing personal sway of Mahatma Gandhi is another evidence of India's response to a person rather than an institution or a creed. This is all precisely in line with the function of the ambassador of Christ who goes, not to impose a doctrine, but to evoke a faith; not to announce an ecclesiastical system, but to proclaim a Person. To this India will always respond. She wants not a bare ethic, but its warm, living incarnation. She craves an ideal that has been realized and lived out. Hence the amazing and immediate response of India when Christ, rather than Western Christianity, is preached.

When Christianity has become truly indigenous—and not till then—there will arise Indian Bernards and Luthers, Indian Wesleys and Livingstones. We are witnessing to-day the naturalizing of Christianity in the soil of India, and the enthronement of Christ as the Lord of India's thought, one day to be crowned Lord also of all her life.

A. M. CHIRGWIN.

**THE SOUL'S QUEST FOR IDEAL BEAUTY,  
IN W. B. YEATS, WALTER DE LA MARE,  
AND JOHN MASEFIELD**

**T**HERE is that within the heart of man which cries out for a perfection which the most flawless material loveliness cannot provide. 'Thou hast set eternity in our hearts,' and so, 'the eye is not satisfied with seeing nor the ear with hearing.' Intuitively the soul feels that behind the veil of sense there lurks an ideal beauty—a perfection of both form and rightness—which, could it be clearly apprehended, would so coalesce with our inward instinct for it as to issue in a complete emotional and spiritual satisfaction. Down through the centuries of recorded human aspiration this ineradicable yearning has found expression in prayer, in prophetic ecstasy, but chiefly in song. That is the medium which seems best adapted to convey those—at times so vague, yet for that reason no less intense—yearnings of the spirit. Notable among the English singers who have found in this quest for the ideal beauty the chief source of their inspiration (though it must be remembered that it forms at least a feature in the singing of all the immortals) are Wordsworth, Blake, Keats, and Francis Thompson. But it is with the interpretation offered by three 'moderns'—W. B. Yeats, Walter de La Mare, and John Masefield—that we are at present concerned. It will be found that these three treat, severally, of three distinct and progressive stages in the soul's quest. Naturally there is some overlapping, but, speaking generally, it will appear that W. B. Yeats voices the soul's dissatisfaction with present good and present beauty, while Walter de La Mare and John Masefield treat respectively of what may be distinguished as the poetic, and the more distinctively spiritual, realizations of the quest.

That is but a partial estimate of W. B. Yeats which regards him exclusively as 'the poet of dreams, of patriotism and proud humility, of sweet sorrow and bitter joy, of a land and a people beyond the sun.' He is that: but he is that and something more. And if we turn to his verse content to read there only his sweet singing of old Celtic ranns and faery fancies, we shall miss much of his deepest charm and nearly all his spiritual significance.

The most persistent note which sounds in all his verse is the note of dissatisfied and unquiet (though subdued) longing for a better world than this—a world in which goodness shall be good but not morose, in which wisdom shall be wise but not sour, in which beauty shall be without blemish or decay:

A land where even the old are fair,  
And even the wise are merry of tongue.

One had almost said that it was an accident—the accident of birth and early influences—which directed that longing toward an effort to capture that elusive loveliness in 'old tales and songs and music' of the Celtic hero- and faery-world; for, intrinsically, there is there a deep spiritual quality which is not endemic to any race or age. He himself perhaps thinks that his lament is a lament for Ireland's Golden Age and nothing more; it is in reality but one of the 'differing tongues' in which the home-sickness of the soul finds expression. And it is this truly spiritual quality which imparts that strange sense of austerity to all his verse; an austerity which lends even to his love-poems a delicacy, a fineness, a distinctively spiritual passion, so that they express, almost exclusively, not the desire of the body, but the desire of the soul, expending itself in a kind of white flame of rapture which consumes all 'brief longing, and deceiving hope, and bodily tenderness.' One might multiply illustrations showing how this dissatisfaction with the present and the material finds almost constant expression;



for there is hardly a poem—long or short—which does not allude in some way to

The loveliness  
That has long faded from the world.

While again and again he seems just to glimpse (and to be thereby filled with unrest),

Ever pacing on the verge of things,  
The phantom, Beauty, in a mist of tears.

He cannot walk upon the moor, that he so loved, without hearing a disturbing whisper of other, better, and more beautiful things than the eyes see, so that he is constrained to cry :

O sweet everlasting Voices, be still :  
Go to the guards of the heavenly fold  
And bid *them* wander, obeying your will,  
Flame under flame, till time be no more :  
Have you not heard that our hearts are old,  
That you call in birds, in wind on the hill,  
In shaken boughs, in tide on the shore ?  
O sweet everlasting Voices, be still.

Inanimate nature, in every phase, suggests to him ever the same quest and the same longing :

Do our woods  
And winds, and ponds, cover more quiet woods,  
More shining winds, more star-glimmering ponds ?  
Is Eden out of time and out of space ?

Sometimes this yearning for the ideal stirs to a deep resentment against the actual, as when he cries, addressing the 'Rose of Beauty' in his own heart :

The wrong of unshapely things is a wrong too great to be told :  
I hunger to build them anew and sit on a green knoll apart,  
With the earth and the sky and the water *remade*, like a castle of gold,  
For my dreams of your image that blossoms a rose in the deeps of my heart.

Human love cannot satisfy him, for

When my arms wrap you round I press  
My heart upon the loveliness  
That has long faded from the world.

While even his best-known lyric, 'The Lake Isle of Innisfree,' will be found, as you ponder it, to express not a poet's longing for a dream-island of his youth so much as a faithful echo of that nostalgia of the soul known to you and me. We quote it, not in its best-known form, but as it was first written by the poet in a letter to Mrs. K. Tynan Hinkson:

I will arise and go now and go to the island of Innisfree,  
And live in a dwelling of wattles, of woven wattles and woodwork  
made.

Nine bean-rows will I have there, a yellow hive for the honey-bee,  
And this old care shall fade.

There, from the dawn above me peace will come down, dropping  
slow,

Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the household  
cricket sings;

And noontide there be all a glimmer, and midnight a purple glow,  
And evening full of the linnets' wings.

One might multiply instance on instance of an unrest arising from the lure of an ideal beauty which glimmers before the soul, and, though Yeats himself assures us that 'What the world's million lips are thirsting for must be *substantial* somewhere,' one is constrained to believe that the quest, for him, led only into regions of remote time and amongst old gods and heroes insubstantial as a dream, because—or at least so it seems to me—*because* there was lacking in his spiritual vision that moral quality which is characteristic of the highest spiritual beauty. He has failed to comprehend that the ideal which constantly disturbed him with sweet unrest could only find its realization in conditions which should liberate every human faculty for pity, love, and service. So he turned instead to a pale region that is but dim with dreams and glimmering with fairy feet.

Turning to Walter de La Mare, the first thing which strikes us, with W. B. Yeats still fresh in our thought, is that with him the quest for the ideal beauty is at once a more courageous and a more human adventure than with Yeats. Perhaps this is due to the presence of that moral passion of pity and of love which we deem lacking in our first poet.



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Here too we may find, though in lesser degree, that same dissatisfaction of the soul which we have already noted. It calls to us from 'Exile':

Had the gods loved me I had lain  
Where danel is, and thorn,  
And the wild night-birds' night-long strain  
Trembles in boughs forlorn.  
Nay, but they loved me not: and I  
Must needs a stranger be,  
Whose every exiled day gone by  
Aches with their memory.

It echoes from 'Music Unheard':

Sweet sounds, begone—  
Whose music in my ear  
Stirs foolish discontent  
Of lingering here:  
When if I crossed  
The crystal verge of death,  
Him I should see  
Who these sounds murmureth.  
Sweet sounds, begone;  
Though silence brings apace  
Deadly disquiet  
Of this homeless place:  
And all I love  
In beauty cries to me,  
'We but vain shadows  
And reflections be.'

And it reaches us more poignantly still in 'Haunted':

The deepest solitude can bring  
Only a subtle questioning  
In the divided heart. . . .  
Earth's thronging beauties may beguile  
Thy longing love-sick heart awhile:  
And pride, like clouds of sunset, spread  
A changing glory round thy head:  
But fade will all: and thou must come,  
Hating the journey, *homeless, home.*

But when we have said this the resemblance ceases. The 'lack' in the present and material is recognized, but there is no turning to a vague realm of dreams and stories of 'sad, far-off, forgotten things.' There is rather a strong conviction that the quest need not be in vain amidst the

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present and the actual. Walter de La Mare is one who is actually aware of the presence of a surrounding spiritual world. He might be figured by his own 'Listener'—'the one man left awake'—who knocks again and yet again at the door of that mysterious unseen world and, though he receive no audible reply, is yet assured that there is there that or those who hear and understand :

. . . he felt in his heart their strangeness,  
Their stillness answering his cry.

He is confident that they are

Harkening in an air stirred and shaken  
By the lonely Traveller's call.

And in this we mark a distinct advance in this quest of the spirit. 'The unseen perfect world for which we long is a reality, and the home-sickness is not for a home that does not exist.' Here we begin to approach the assurance of Christianity that there is nothing supremely desirable which is not also ultimately real and abiding. And though here we have, as we have said, but an 'approach' to this, it is none the less one of the great services of the poet that he gives expression to, and stimulates the desire for, an unattained beauty by his imaginative presentation of it. But we hasten to note a still further advance in de La Mare's interpretation of our subject. There is, as already stated, a warmth of moral passion, of pity, and of love, informing this poet's thought and spirit which unseals his eyes to see the veiled loveliness which, when it is glimpsed, transforms and glorifies both human and sub-human creatures. And this is that which I have ventured to call the poetic realization of the quest. See how he unveils this inner loveliness in the unprepossessing subject of 'Miss Loo.' We see her first with

Her tabby cat, her cage of birds,  
Her nose, her hair—her muffled words,  
. . . With gaze of vacancy  
And large hands folded on the tray—

and then, suddenly, there shines upon her from the poet's heart 'the light which never was on land or sea,' and in that light

. . . all cheerful back will come  
Her cheerful *gleaming* spirit home :  
And one would think that poor Miss Loo  
Asked nothing else, if she had you.

One other example—an extreme one perhaps—where the quest leads him to find an unexpected, almost incredible, loveliness in an old and decrepit donkey, 'Nicolas Nye.' He was lame, worn-out, just a bit of living jettison thrown aside to wait for death,

But a wonderful gumption was under his skin,  
And a clear calm light in his eye,  
And, once in a while, he'd smile—  
Would Nicolas Nye.  
Seemed to be smiling at me, he would,  
From his bush in the corner, of may—  
Bony and ownerless, widowed and worn,  
Knobbed-kneed, lonely, and grey ;  
And over the grass would seem to pass,  
'Neath the deep dark blue of the sky,  
Something much better than words between me  
And Nicolas Nye.

Surely as we read there stirs within us the memory of that legend of Christ and the dead dog, and we hear the faint echo of His words : ' Pearls are not whiter than its teeth.'

But it is when we turn to John Masfield that we find an interpretation of the ideal Beauty which rings like a clarion-call through the heart. We hear him :

My road calls me, lures me, west, east, south, and north :  
Most roads lead men homewards, My road leads me forth  
To add more miles to the tally of grey miles left behind,  
In quest of that one Beauty God put me here to find.

With Masfield the vision of Beauty demands courage, and the quest for Beauty is a fight with circumstances. That John Masfield should have this vision at all, and that he should so bravely, so confidently follow its lure, is all the more remarkable when we remember the grip which he has upon the sinister facts of life. I question if even

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Thomas Hardy is more keenly and comprehendingly sensitive to the satire of circumstances, the ugliness of moral evil, and the cruelty of nature and of men than is Masefield. Yet with all these he joins issue, believing unshakenly in the Soul of Loveliness living, and yet to be triumphant. This is the theme of nearly all his longer poems. In different guise and varying form they all tell the story of this quest of the soul. 'The Widow in the Bye Street' is not, as some critics have declared, the ugly tale of ugly and sordid lust and passion; it is the epic of mother-love venturing all for the child, and shining, like a divine glory, through all the sordidness of bestial act and degrading circumstance. 'Dauber' is the history of the high adventure of the soul animated by artistic passion; and 'The Everlasting Mercy' is the record of the conflict of the soul itself with evil, achieving, through the grace of God, such a victory over sense—its grossness and blindness—that there bursts upon the opened eyes of Saul Kane the beatific vision:

O glory of the lighted mind,  
How dead I'd been, how dumb, how blind.  
The station brook, to my eyes,  
Was babbling out of Paradise. . . .  
The narrow station-walls' brick ledge,  
The wild hops withering in the hedge,  
The lights in huntsman's upper storey  
Were parts of an eternal glory,  
Were God's eternal garden flowers.  
I stood in bliss at this for hours.

Space forbids entering into detailed illustration of Masefield's treatment of the entire subject. We may, perhaps, find its spirit best represented in 'The Seekers.' The following are but a few lines of a poem which, in its entirety, mirrors 'the quest' and breathes the very spirit of it:

We seek the City of God and the haunt where Beauty dwells,  
And we find the noisy mart and the sound of burial bells. . . .  
We travel the dusty road till the light of the day is dim,  
And sunset shows us spires *away on the world's rim*,  
Only the road and the dawn, the sun, the wind, and the rain,  
And the watch-fire under the stars, and sleep, and—the road again.

In the verses entitled 'The Eye and the Object' we have a summary of his faith :

When soul's companion fails,  
 When flesh (that neighed once) ails,  
 When body shortens sails,  
 O soul, break through the netting  
 Of failing and forgetting,  
 See clearer for sun-setting :  
 See clearer and be cheerly,  
 See thou the image clearly,  
 Love thou the image dearly.  
*For out of love and seeing  
 Beauty herself has being,  
 Beauty our Queen :*  
 Who with calm spirit guard us,  
 And with dear love reward us  
 In courts for ever green.

Thus does John Masfield proclaim his gospel of Beauty, showing that the satisfying of the soul's inmost yearning is found only through courageous achievement in the midst of, and over, all the marring conditions of life 'in the rough.' An achievement made possible through the redemptive and transforming power of an Infinite and Eternal Love.

He expresses the heart-hunger so plaintively voiced by W. B. Yeats, he glimpses (at times) the poetic and glamorous loveliness revealed by Walter de La Mare, but over and above all this he shows us Love—human *and* divine (with all the suffering, sacrifice, and service which love entails)—as the Open Sesame which shall fling wide to our questing spirit the gates which open upon the realm of Dreams-come-true.

W. T. CLARKE.

### ‘EDUCATION BY TRAVEL’

**I**T so chanced that on the evening of the day which I had spent in reading Sir Henry Lunn's new book I was in the company of Lord Eustace Percy, who remarked that the trouble of the present time is ‘the spouting, frothing foolery of mere talk about the things that do not matter.’ Almost the same remark had been made to me by a friend who, seeing Sir Henry Lunn's book on the table, said: ‘*Round the World with a Dictaphone!* There are more than enough folk who go round the world to write a book which nobody wants. If others are going round the world to pour their artless and unconsidered chatter into a dictaphone, and thereafter to reproduce it in a book, we shall be drowned in a deluge of talk, and a new terror will be added to life.’

My reply was: ‘Yes, but here is a book, not of a globe-trotter's irresponsible vapourings, but a book which is the record of observations, investigations, and inquiries made on the spot, in different parts of the world, by a scholar and a traveller who had exceptional opportunities of meeting the Prime Ministers, Presidents, or Governors-General, clergy, ministers, masters of industry, and leaders of thought, as well as the rank and file, in the countries he visited, and of hearing their authoritative views on the important subjects he is investigating.’

In the Preface to his previous book, *Chapters from my Life*, issued a few days before the Armistice, when Sir Henry was fifty-nine, he wrote sadly: ‘It has been my lot “to watch the things I'd given my life to, broken,” and now I could only hope to do something to “build them up again with worn-out tools.”’ Here I must remind the reader

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<sup>1</sup> *Round the World with a Dictaphone: a Record of Men and Movements* in 1926, by Sir Henry Lunn, M.A., M.D., B.Ch., Trin. Coll., Dublin (London: Ernest Benn Ltd.).

that in 1892 Sir Henry convened certain conferences at Grindelwald, the aim of which was 'To consider how far the divisions of Christendom were thwarting the divine purpose, and in what way, and how far, those divisions could be healed.'

That was over thirty years ago, and some of us may be inclined to-day impatiently to dismiss those far-back Grindelwald conferences as cast into utter insignificance by an awful world-tragedy, directly defeating the very purpose for which those conferences were summoned. I do not share that view, nor do the 'tools,' with which Sir Henry is setting out to build up again the broken things to which he has given his life, seem to me so 'worn-out' as he supposes. Those far-back conferences were the smithy, on the anvil of which Sir Henry Lunn forged the tools he is now using in the great cause of world peace. His first step was to convene, at Mürren, conferences similar to those he had convened at Grindelwald, and at which, to use the words of one of the most beloved of bishops, who is also the son of a beloved bishop (Dr. Perowne), one 'saw those erstwhile enemies, sitting down together in conference away from their ordinary surroundings, to talk things over as servants of a common Master, with all the inspiration that must come to souls sensitive to the great Creator's handiwork,' and 'to approach the matters that divided them, not in the spirit of antagonism, but in the spirit of conciliation.'

At the after-the-war Mürren conferences, held, be it remembered, before any meeting had been summoned at Locarno, and so before the 'Locarno spirit' had come into being, distinguished representatives of 'erstwhile enemies'—Germany, France, Austria, the United States, England, and other countries—as well as neutral nations, met together in a spirit which anticipated, and may have assisted to make possible, the spirit in which 'erstwhile enemies' met and talked at Locarno. In thus serving his country by



doing what one man could in the cause of peace, Sir Henry had the warm approval and co-operation of our own revered Archbishop of Canterbury, who wrote to him: 'I need not assure you how cordially and gratefully I recognize the effort which you are generously proposing to make to facilitate in every way the gathering of a conference.'

The Mürren Conference was followed in 1925 by a great conference in Stockholm, opened by the King of Sweden in person, with the Primate of Sweden as president, the Bishop of Winchester, representing the Archbishop of Canterbury, as co-president or vice-president, and with Sir Henry Lunn as British treasurer of the conference. Meanwhile, Sir Henry's efforts in good causes, by calling the conferences, had not gone unmarked or unappreciated in America. He was invited to preach in the Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine, New York, and to preach in the church attended by President Coolidge (whom he met personally when in America). He was also invited to address a great convention at Buffalo for the World Alliance for the Promotion of International Friendship, and as a result of these invitations, which he accepted and fulfilled, he was asked to be the lecturer before the Sulgrave Manor Institution of New York on the occasion of the anniversary of George Washington's birthday (February 22).

The narrative of his wanderings is in diary form, and, though the purpose of his tour was serious, Sir Henry lightens what he has to say by not a few new and amusing 'stories' about the folk he met, and brightens it by occasional vivid and graphic word-pictures of places or scenery. These, in themselves, make *Round the World with a Dictaphone* very enjoyable reading.

The scope and purpose of the book can best be summed up in the three words which the Young Australia League (the head quarters of which Sir Henry visited) chose for its motto, 'Education by Travel.' Three is, indeed, a numerical



factor of the book. Three words describe it. Educationally, the influence of the tour is threefold. Those influenced are the author, the great audiences he addressed, and the readers of the book. Three persons—for Sir Henry had two companions—went around the world together; and in the interests of three causes—Reunion of the Churches, International Friendship, and the League of Nations—the tour was undertaken. If here I have practically nothing to say of these three important subjects, the reason is that, to readers of the *LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW*, Sir Henry’s views on these crucial questions are well known. On Prohibition he has not, to my knowledge, either written or spoken; and as, during his tour, he had exceptional opportunities of inquiring into the working of Prohibition in the States and in Canada, and of hearing many points of view, I propose to put upon record the result of what he heard, saw, and was told, especially as Prohibition may, at no distant date, be an issue in this country.

As himself an abstainer, Sir Henry would no doubt be glad to report that he has returned from his tour a convinced Prohibitionist; that Prohibition makes only for the moral, physical, and economic welfare of nations and of individuals; and that, by Prohibition, the problem of a great social evil is at last satisfactorily solved. But he has not returned thus convinced. He has returned to say, sadly but frankly, that the facts put before him, the views expressed, are so conflicting and confusing that he does not feel free to commit himself to any expressed opinion, for or against Prohibition. All he can do is faithfully and impartially to record such facts and views as came to his knowledge, and to leave his readers to draw their own conclusions. How conflicting those facts and views are is best illustrated by quotations from the book. Turning the pages more or less haphazardly, I light on the following examples.

On p. 57 we read (this was at Detroit): ‘I discussed Prohibition with the clergy round me, and they were

unanimously in favour of it.' Yet when Sir Henry was at New York, the Rev. Dr. Stetson, Rector of Trinity Church, declared emphatically, 'It is difficult to overstate the demoralization of the young persons who, at dances and other functions, go into bedrooms at hotels engaged specially for the purpose and have a quiet drink. The anarchy, and the shattering of moral principles, which have ensued as a result of the passing of the Act are most serious for the future of the nation.' On p. 62 Sir Henry writes: 'Dr. Timothy Stone, one of the leading Presbyterian ministers in Chicago, drove me to the Union League Club to meet a number of Presbyterian ministers. I found that, to a man, they were in favour of Prohibition. Dr. Stone's son-in-law, a young medical man, said that there was much less drinking in University life to-day than there was before Prohibition was carried.'

On p. 86 we read: 'The Dean of the University (Vancouver) said that "the attitude of the United Church with regard to the people who did not believe in Prohibition was driving the ordinary man into an antagonism which was injurious to religion."' Yet on p. 196 Sir Henry writes: 'In favour of Prohibition are to be found the great majority of the clergy of the Non-Episcopal Protestant Churches, the whole strength of Christian Scientists, and probably two-thirds or three-quarters of the clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church (Anglican). This powerful body of religious and moral opinion is supported by "big business." It is admitted almost universally that Prohibition has increased the effectiveness of factories, and the captains of industry, generally, support the maintenance of Prohibition.'

That seemed to put the matter beyond dispute, but, turning Sir Henry's pages casually, I lighted on the word 'Prohibition,' to read: 'Dr. Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, regards Prohibition as the most immoral and outrageous measure that can well be imagined, and that it is doomed to hopeless failure. He said that

the demoralization among the young people is appalling—girls going up to boys’ bedrooms to drink during dances. For every big dance that is held a number of people take rooms in the hotel, where they entertain their friends to whiskies and wines. Mrs. Murray Butler said that in the old days before Prohibition, if anybody had offered her a cocktail when she went out to dinner she would never have entered the house again. “But now,” she said, “every time we go out there is scarcely a house where cocktails are not provided for any dinner.”’

The views of the President of Columbia University are supported by Colonel Meredith, Secretary of the Ottawa League of Nations Union, of whom Sir Henry says: ‘On the question of Prohibition, I found Colonel Meredith, like nearly every one else that I met amongst the quiet, respectable, law-abiding classes of society, absolutely shocked at the tragic results upon public morality of the attempt to enforce a measure of this nature by a mere majority.’

‘This,’ writes Sir Henry himself, ‘is a record of experience, and I am trying to present the case fairly.’ Elsewhere he says: ‘There is so much to be said on both sides of this question, and feeling is running so high, that it is impossible for me to summarize, wisely and accurately, the impressions I have received in travelling through states and provinces with different methods of dealing with the drink traffic, from Prohibition to the least repressive form of Government control which prevails in Quebec.’ He sums up thus: ‘Whether Prohibition is to be blamed for the situation described, the disputants who know the facts must be left to argue. I cannot give an opinion either way.’ Hence he has returned, feeling, upon the subject of Prohibition, as one who has been fumbling his way in a blind and dark alley, and that his inquiries have been fruitless.

I am not so sure. Reading his book carefully, and weighing all he tells us, he seems to me to point America to the solution of the problem. In America there is a

festering wound on the body politic, as Sir Henry himself shows when he writes (p. 22) of an American friend of his who told him that 'He went the other night to a dinner of 1,500 business men at an hotel in New York. After the dinner the president of the society, or whatever it was, said to him, "We have forty rooms engaged here to-night. We hope you will stay and visit us in one of them." These forty rooms had been taken in order that a supply of bootlegged liquor might be conveyed to each of them, and that the diners, having dined and heard the speeches, might adjourn to the rooms and soak, as they do not drink publicly in the hotels of New York.' And on p. 107 Sir Henry writes: 'The smugglers are making colossal fortunes and . . . the bootlegging interest may always be depended upon to support a law which makes smuggling profitable.' In these two last quotations Sir Henry seems to me to have

struck his finger on the place,  
And said, 'Thou ailest here, and here.'

Into the question whether America has done wisely in enforcing Prohibition I must not here enter. Nor must I enter into the question whether the people of America, or of any other country, can be compelled to total abstinence by what in this country we call Act of Parliament. But if the laws affecting Prohibition, as now enforced, or supposed to be enforced, in America, be unjust or wrong laws, they should be repealed or amended. If, in the opinion of responsible American statesmen, those laws as they stand are just and right—and, were not the majority of American statesmen and citizens so convinced, the Act could not have been passed—a self-respecting people cannot for long allow the law to be set at defiance. A minority, no matter how powerful, must not, except by lawful and constitutional means, impose its will upon the majority. Minorities are sometimes in the right. The principles of Christianity were held at one time only by a negligible minority. But

in America the opposition to Prohibition appears to be less a question of principle than of greed—‘graft’ they call it over there—and that is a matter with which the Government can, and, I believe, will, sooner or later deal. No responsible Government can allow the law to be defied—that would be anarchy, not government—by disreputable bootleggers, and for the bootleggers’ own greedy ends. Sir Henry Lunn’s inquiries into the subject have not been as fruitless and futile as he fears. He has pointed America to the spoke which has been thrust between the wheels of the machine which she has set going for the cleansing of her house. There we must leave the matter, but there America will surely not consent to leave it, and one’s hope is that Sir Henry’s book will be as widely read in America as here. If widely read there, it may do incalculable good, for the wisdom, moderation, and fairness to America with which it is written cannot fail to impress Americans favourably. Some well-meaning folk over here, who take upon themselves to ‘instruct’ America for her own good, do so in such a way as to alienate American sympathy and goodwill. (An instance by which every right-thinking Englishman is distressed and wounded is the deplorable picturing of America in the rôle of ‘Shylock.’) Sir Henry’s attitude is the reverse of that. To read his book carefully is to understand, perhaps for the first time, why the evil weed of ‘graft’ is more deeply rooted in America than in this country. The reason is not that the American people have less conscience than we—God forbid that we should, self-righteously, sit in judgement on America!—but because the conditions that make for ‘graft’ and corruption are more favourable. The tiny and compact—by comparison with the vast extent of the far-separated spaces on the other side of the Atlantic—plot of ground that we cultivate may not be without its weeds, but they are easily eradicated because more quickly detected. What is happening in the different parts of this little island becomes known to very

many in the island, and within a very short time. What is happening in one far part of America is not likely thus to be known in another part as far away, perhaps, as England is from America. Then, again, on virgin soil, rank weeds grow apace. Remembering how great is the power of money and the eagerness to acquire money; remembering what opportunities America affords the alien, the fortune-hunter, and the adventurer to make money quickly, and on a huge scale; and that the population of America, as I have already said, is not of one race, but of many and mixed races—remembering all this, one does not greatly wonder that there should be 'graft' and bootlegging in America. America has, it is true, afforded some cause for disappointment to those of us who hold its people in affection and respect, and had set our hopes on the great after-the-war part which America would play in the work of world reconciliation and world reconstruction. That America stands out for her dues in the matter of war debts may give us cause for regret, but not for reproach, for she is within her rights. American friends, of whom I have many, assure me that when war broke out, the sympathy of the people of America, other than those of alien blood, was much more strongly with the Allies than was generally supposed. The cautious and somewhat academically-minded President of that time, actuated no doubt by high motives, which he held to be in the best interests of America, hoped by a 'peradventure,' in which there was no thought of venture or adventure, to maintain the neutrality of America to the end; but when America eventually 'came in,' she did so in a spirit of altruistic idealism. Nations, no less than men and women, are subject to reaction, and, since the Armistice, America seems to have swung round to a somewhat materialistic and uncompromisingly commercial attitude. She has, one fears, succumbed, in exceptional circumstances and under stress of exceptional temptation, to the lure of money-making. One hopes and believes



that this state of things will soon pass, and that America will not for long remain inactive in the cause of world peace. From America came the demand for the formation of a League of Nations. By an American President the first assembly of the League was called, and America's present attitude of aloofness will, I believe, not last very long. As I ventured to say in a previous number of this REVIEW, when America enters, as sooner or later she will, the League of Nations, she will come in fresh and untired, and when the energies of older member-nations may be flagging. America's present attitude may yet, under God, be for the League's best welfare. It may mean, as in the war, the accession of new strength when new strength is most needed, and America may yet prove to be the star of the greatest magnitude in the constellation of the covenant.

That is also Sir Henry Lunn's belief, as I know from my many talks with him about America. He is not blind to the fact that, in America, dangerous influences are at work. In what country are dangerous influences *not* at work in these after-the-war days of turmoil and unrest? He is aware that, in America, circumstances which may not re-occur for generations, or may never re-occur, have afforded the ‘graft’ element and the get-rich-quickly gentry (of neither class has America the monopoly; given like conditions, both classes would be as unpleasantly prominent here as they are there) an unusual opportunity for twisting the conditions to their own advantage. But, as one who knows the *real* America, he would tell us that these folk in no sense represent the average American. The average American may not be averse from money-making (is the average Englishman?). He may be ‘touchy’ when called a ‘Shylock’ (should we not resent being so called?); and he may, for the immediate present, feel that, having sent her armies to Europe for the war, Europe may now be left to manage her own affairs, and America turn her attention to her own part of the world. But, as one who has had

opportunities which come the way of few public men of meeting Americans, man to man—or to woman—in their own homes; of hearing American views, sympathies, hopes, and ideals frankly and sincerely expressed, Sir Henry Lunn has returned convinced that the *real* America is as sound at heart as is the real England, and that the average American is as anxious that justice and righteousness should prevail as is the average Englishman.

Sir Henry thinks the present times are transitional for all nations, but especially so for America. She is at the parting of the ways, and, if she seem to hesitate, it is because she refuses to be hustled, or to accept dictation from outside. I question whether any living Englishman has studied American history more closely or to better purpose than has Sir Henry Lunn. His lecture (it appears as an appendix to his book) before the Sulgrave Manor Institution, New York, is as scholarly and profound an interpretation and revelation of the soul of a great people as was ever penned. He shows us the people of America as they were when first finding their way, slowly but surely and wisely, to the form of Constitutional Government best fitted to conditions in America; and he shows them as again choosing wisely when the time came for amendments or changes to be made. Once she is through her period of transition, he is of opinion that the final choice of the American people will be as wise as it was then.

Meanwhile, he would have us think of Americans as very like ourselves. Each people has its characteristic and national fine qualities; each has its characteristic and national share of failings, little or large, and (perhaps to other races) its irritating ways. But of America, as of England—faults in each notwithstanding—Sir Henry Lunn would say, with Mr. Kipling:

For as we come and as we go (and deadly-soon go we!),  
The people, Lord, Thy people, are good enough for me!

By his world tour and by the publication of his book, Sir

Henry Lunn has served, not only the cause of Reunion and the League of Nations, but also of international understanding and goodwill, and, most of all, between this country and America, and between this country and the self-governing nations of whose unity our beloved King is the symbol and the Head. Reading Sir Henry's book, one regrets, if only in the interests of the League of Nations, that he is not in Parliament.

To Parliament he would bring, not only scholarship (he is M.A. and M.D. of Trinity College, Dublin, and an accomplished classical scholar), but also (and the combination is uncommon) he has exceptional business gifts and knowledge of affairs. We are sometimes told that the need of Parliament is more ‘business’ men, of which I am not sure, but, if that be so, Sir Henry's ability in the building up, the organization, and the administration of a great business has already and successfully been put to the proof. Moreover, the undertakings in which he was for the greater part of his life engaged brought him into close touch with the business people of the Continent, where any word of his carries no small weight, coming, as it does, from one so universally respected for his personal character, his sterling integrity, and his high sense of honour. Since then he has become widely known on the Continent to many men and women in other walks of life—statesmen, scientists, scholars, leaders of thought, and masters of industry. Such exceptional knowledge of the people of the Continent and their mentality as he possesses should be of service to the nation, if only in the cause of the maintenance of peace.

Sir Henry Lunn understands the peoples of other countries. He is a wound-healer, a peace-bringer, and his presence in Parliament would make for goodwill among the nations, and for the maintenance of world peace.

Coulson Kernahan.

## THE OLD SOCIAL WORLD AND THE NEW

**S**OCIETY, as it used to exist, has met its Flodden, and the leaders of it, like the 'Flowers of the Forest,' are

a' wae'd awa'.

Society is taking to itself new leaders, and new shapes and forms and types. New standards are being erected for it, and under the influence of the many social changes which the war has brought about, the old order of men, events, and 'values' in the beau-monde are visibly giving place to a world which is both strange and new.

No reasoning man or woman can expect Society to stand still, as, once upon a time, at a simple word of command the sun stood still. The beau-monde is as much subject to the law of nature as any other human institution, and for it, as for the others, change and vicissitude are its portion. When we read history we find that the Society illustrated on one page of it differs materially from that which the next presents to us. The foundations and framework of the institution abide, but manners and customs alter continually; and, after all, these altered and always altering circumstances it is which impart life and colour and variety and quality to the institution, rather than the fundamentals on which it reposes.

But now the old order of social values is departed, and that means a social change of more than common magnitude and moment. It is one, too, which affects the foundations on which the superstructure of the social world is raised. It is evidence of a profound alteration in respect of the constitution of what is styled 'Society.' Previous changes, numerous and important though they may have been, yet have been mainly superficial by nature, whereas the disappearance of the world of birth and breeding means, not

normal change within the limits of a settled constitution, but revolution.

Before the revolution I mention occurred the natural leaders of Society were the 'best-bred' people. It is no exaggeration to say that their example was the mirror in which those with social ambitions were accustomed to look in order to learn how to behave themselves in the beau-monde. What those leaders approved and applauded was accounted *à la mode*, and, conversely, that which they condemned or eschewed was judged *démodé*, and therefore to be avoided. In fine, these were the undisputed masters and mistresses of the old social world—of that world of birth and breeding which yesterday was, but to-day, alas ! is not.

When a country suffers serious change in respect of the constitution of its government, we say of that country—and say truly enough—that a revolution has taken place in it. The nation itself remains unaffected, essentially, by what has occurred ; and since it must have governance, administration succeeds administration. Nevertheless, in the event I speak of, the principles and forms of governance the revolution has changed ; and it is the same with Society. The revolution which has recently occurred in it has not destroyed Society, but it has dethroned and driven forth the former leaders of it. Society is no longer an aristocracy. It is in process of becoming a democracy. I say, 'in process of becoming' of a purpose, because Society is obviously in a transitional state at present. Still, all appearances point to the conclusion that the democratic turn upon which Society has entered has come to stay.

Those to whom it is given in the course of their lives to witness momentous changes such as I have touched above are very apt to become indifferent concerning them, once the novelty of the phenomena has worn off a little and their minds have become accustomed to the presence of those novelties. Persons of this cast or temper of mind are apt to

take up a middle situation, as it were, between past and future. They regard the present alone as immediately conceivable and susceptible of being translated into terms of actual living. That which has occurred they accept with more or less phlegm; but the future as an object of active cogitation they discount or neglect. But this surely is a false attitude to assume, no matter how much we may on occasions sympathize with those who adopt it. For my part—and doubtless countless others think similarly—the social future is supremely interesting, notwithstanding that it may look forbidding and unfriendly to ‘tradition’ and cherished convictions and settled ways of thought, by reason of its being opposed to the manners and customs to which we have attached ourselves and become accustomed from the period of our youth upwards. The way of the future, however, is the way of adventure; and who is so phlegmatic of mind and slow of spirit but he can conceive that, soon or late, a sudden stroke or turn of events may yet be the means of restoring to us some at least of the valued things we have lost, and whose departure we bitterly lament? Doubtless, if the future restores to us our loss, our loss will not return to us precisely as the lost things were when they were taken away from us, since neither fate nor history repeats itself. But to get them back, though in changed shape, were surely something to be grateful for. Few would cavil though some loved one we lost when all was young were restored to our bosom at long last, safe and well, but old and changed.

It is a mistake, therefore, to refuse to face the question of the future of Society under democratic conditions. The old leaders of it are gone; but obviously the seats of the mighty ones who have vanished are there for others to occupy. The beau-monde must have its leaders, even as governments must have their authorized heads. What sort of leaders, then, will those be who in the future shall come to govern Society, much as it was ordered in the days that are gone?



In the world of politics, democracy is to-day everywhere busy planting its standards, diffusing its doctrine, enforcing its rule, and imposing its own proper forms. There is an analogous movement going on in Society, though it is by no means as 'conscious' or as advanced as the other I glance at. In this province, democracy has but levelled so far; it is only just beginning to build on the ruins of the structure which the social revolution has razed even to the ground. Democracy therefore is here much in the situation of Macaulay's New Zealander, who is yet to sit amid the ruins of London, pondering, peradventure, what can be done in order to restore so much departed grandeur. But soon democracy will turn its hand to Society also, since already, by virtue of change and its own conquests, it is democracy's to deal with. In the days that are immediately to come, democracy will deal with Society precisely as it has dealt with, and will continue to deal with, politics. And here again democracy will erect its own standards, diffuse its own notions, establish its peculiar manners and customs, and impose its own rule and forms. The beau-monde will continue to exist in spite of these radical changes; but when the transformation of which I speak shall have come to pass, those who knew the vogue of birth and breeding—if any such indeed there shall then remain—will find little in the new social order to remind them of the old; for the beau-monde, as we find it described in the memoirs of the Goncourts and the letters of Chesterfield, and which lingered on in western Europe until the outbreak of the Great War, has gone beyond recall. To quote a familiar and apposite line from an old Scottish Jacobite song—

Geordie sits in Charlie's chair.

But what manner of social world will it be when the innovating hand of democracy has finished with it? Doubtless the discreet prophet is usually he who refrains from prophesying till after the event; but in this case there is no

need for us to be so cautious and so temperate, for ways and means of sure and 'intelligent anticipation' exist in abundance.

In the first place, then, Society in the future will set far greater store by money, and the means commonly embraced to acquire it, than it was used to do in the past. For when birth and breeding go by the board, as they have done already, the standard and the measure of things that usurp their room are necessarily monetary by nature. I say 'necessarily' advisedly, because, inasmuch as Society in general rests upon an economic basis, it follows that when, and where, it returns to its first principles, it is those first principles which will come again into play, and dominate, for a time at all events, the reconstructed situation. The social gravitation towards 'money' had set in fast even before the Great War came: its rule is now so absolute, powerful, and general that to deny it these qualities were manifestly absurd. And, powerful as money, regarded as a social factor, now is, the probabilities are that it will become yet more so in the immediate future; for the more the world in general gives itself up to trade and commerce the more will the standards proper to those activities tend to impose themselves on mankind as a whole.

But here is but a general forecast of the social world of the future. Let us now condescend to some few particulars touching its more intimate features, and the composition of the leaders who are to lend it their spirit—to fashion its movements, and to control its conduct.

With regard to the first head, the strong probability is that the social world of the future will be much more luxury-loving and much more spendthrift than it was in the past. Money does other things besides to 'talk': the consequence of its application to social purposes is, where that takes place in a fashion which is uncommonly lavish, to pile luxury on luxury, and to smother its votaries in a super-abundance of extravagances. And as riches so indiscriminatingly

applied are, more often than not, followed by a proportionate growth of vulgarity, it follows that, in the social world which is yet to come, the pursuit of luxury will be accompanied by a hectic up-springing of all forms of gilded vulgarity. Let us not beat about the bush regarding this matter, or amuse our eyes and minds with visions of whose vain substance history has many times assured us; for though Hegel be right, and the effect (though not the purpose) of that science be to teach us that men are fools, yet hardly can this one lesson of it have escaped us—namely, that mankind is innately and inveterately vulgar. Relieved of the restraints imposed on it, and the discipline communicated to it, by birth and breeding and culture, Society is certain to decline in the way and in the sense I indicate, as well as in a measure proportioned to the extent to which it is invaded by 'money' and monied people.

With regard to the second head, the type of social leader of the future will necessarily be a more or less close reflection of the circumstances which have given rise to this leader, and the temper and complexion of the world in which he lives. We are to remember in this connexion that the immediate social standard of democracy is wealth. It is possible, of course, and it is much to be hoped, that Society will do better in the remoter future; but in the meantime what I here affirm means that democracy is committed to 'money' for a standard. It has definitely rejected birth and breeding; and as to culture, it is as yet, generally speaking, suspicious, seeming to confound it—somewhat unreasonably, it must be allowed—with the aristocratic world it has but recently overturned. Therefore, the immediate, if not the ultimate, effect of democracy's knowing no social standard by which to measure men and things save money must be to open up an easy road for those who have it in abundance, and who entertain what are styled 'social ambitions,' and, further, are men and women of good natural parts. These, then, in all probability, will be the kings who are to rule Society,

after it has been made socially 'safe' by, and for, democracy. Under these circumstances, no one susceptible to the better emotions of life will be surprised should Society degenerate into an unlovely scene of bad taste and monied ostentation, relieved a little, perhaps, here and there, by the presence and example of persons who, though powerless to change the course of events, yet deplore vulgarity, and despise mere 'money.'

It may be objected that, in the rough sketch I have drawn, the colours employed are uniformly too dark. Optimism, a form of hope, springs eternal in the human breast; and far be it from me to presume to tamper with the outpourings of that abundant fountain, which—unlike the eloquence somewhere spoken of by Lord Bolingbroke, which was used to pour forth 'a little frothy water on a gaudy day, and to remain dry for the rest of the year'—flows without ceasing, and with a miraculous plenitude. It may well be, of course, that, in the remoter future of which I have spoken above, the social world will re-discover its balance, and 'money' will be thrust back into that situation in the general scheme of social things wherein it is seen to function, not as lord and master, or rather bully and tyrant, but as agent and servant. It is possible that, in the years that are to come, so desirable a consummation may actually come to pass. To the philosopher, as to the historian, no contingency is, intrinsically, too remote, conjecture too uncertain, or prospect too wild. But, for the present at all events, our business is—facts and tendencies in process of forming under our very eyes and noses. 'Is it possible' (says Professor Rostovtzeff in his recently published account of the social and economic decline of the Roman Empire) 'to extend a higher civilization to the lower classes without debasing its standard, and diluting its quality to the vanishing-point? Is not every civilization bound to decay as soon as it begins to penetrate the masses?' Those notes of interrogation may well be kept in mind when we come to canvass the future of the social world.

R. ERSKINE OF MARR.

## LIGHT AND SHADE IN THE RELIGIOUS HISTORY OF BRITAIN<sup>1</sup>

**D**R. G. M. TREVELYAN has followed in the footsteps of his father and his grand-uncle, Lord Macaulay, and worthily carries on the family tradition of historical research. His earlier work is widely known, and its high quality has been recognized by a wide circle of readers of good books. But, whatever the value and importance of this earlier work, his recently published *History of England*, we believe it will be generally admitted, is beyond all question Dr. Trevelyan's *chef d'œuvre*. It is a masterpiece, and, in the deliberate opinion of the writer of this paper, the best general history of England at present available. What Green's *Short History* has been for many a long day past, Trevelyan's *History*, we confidently anticipate, will be for many a day to come.

It may be said at the outset that Dr. Trevelyan's *History* is not, in the ordinary sense of the term, a school book. Indeed, if it is to be studied to the highest advantage, the reader should already be possessed of what may be described as a fair school knowledge of English history—the main facts, the outstanding personages and their relation to contemporary movements and life, and the general trend of affairs in the several periods into which the historical development of our country naturally falls. With this equipment the reader will follow Dr. Trevelyan's remarkably well-told story with intelligent appreciation and great delight.

Dr. Trevelyan's treatment of our Island Story is wonderfully complete and thought-provoking. He does not let his reader forget that it is an Island Story. Almost on the first page a pregnant sentence strikes this keynote in

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<sup>1</sup> *History of England*. By G. M. Trevelyan. (Longmans. 12s. 6d.)

such wise that it is wellnigh impossible not to have it in mind while reading the story to which it is an introduction. 'Britain has always owed her fortunes to the sea. . . . In early times the relation was passive and receptive; in modern times, active and acquisitive. In both it is the key to her story.' On a later page he indicates that the last great incident of the earlier phase—that of receptive reaction to overseas influence—was the Coming of the Friars, an event to which some attention has been called of late by the seventh centenary of St. Francis of Assisi.

Dr. Trevelyan's conception of history is broad and ample. To give a single example, he would not narrow it down to 'past politics' with the late E. A. Freeman, to whom, so far as we have observed—with a little surprise, it may be admitted—he barely refers, but nothing more. For Dr. Trevelyan history is concerned, not with politics alone, but with the whole range of human activity. Without overloading his narrative with detail, he touches upon every aspect of English life, and combines the whole into an arresting panorama of England through twenty centuries, which he unrolls for the contemplation of his readers.

Among the factors of history which have too frequently received something less than the consideration which their intrinsic importance demands, that of religion occupies a conspicuous place. This reproach cannot be brought against Dr. Trevelyan, who is awake to the fact that the faith of a people is one of the leading factors of its life and historical development. His treatment of religious questions is indeed remarkably good, and reveals sympathy and insight. It is not, of course, exhaustive, for it is no part of his purpose to write a history of religion in England; he treats it simply as part of a larger whole. But we are not acquainted with any other general history in which religious affairs are so adequately and so suggestively treated. It is the purpose of this paper to indicate the importance and value of Dr. Trevelyan's contribution to the history of religion in



England. From his treatment of this particular factor of English life one may form a very fair estimate of the suggestiveness and value of his treatment of that life as a whole.

It is a matter of common knowledge that high office in the mediæval Church was all too frequently bestowed upon grounds which had no connexion whatever with the religious and moral fitness of the recipient of preferment for the cure of souls. In the case of the highest offices this was to all intents and purposes the usual practice. A busy politician, a useful factotum about the Court, the companion of a monarch's pleasures, was recompensed for secular, and sometimes disreputable service by being made an abbot or a bishop. It is true that such appointments sometimes failed to realize anticipations, and the favoured individual, expected on preferment to be a more serviceable tool than ever, proved in practice a dangerous tool indeed, apt to wound the hand that essayed to use it. The appointment of Thomas Becket as Primate of All England is a case in point. This, however, was the exception, not the rule. To a devout mind this almost universal custom appears as one of the crying scandals of mediæval ecclesiastical life; and it cannot be gainsaid that such appointments were a grave abuse, and cannot be suffered to pass without censure. Dr. Trevelyan, though in no sense defending the practice, calls attention to certain considerations which should not be overlooked in passing judgement. As compared with that of other classes, the wealth of the Church was enormous, and quite out of proportion to the religious work it was actually accomplishing. The use of ecclesiastical patronage for the endowment of other callings rendered the riches of the Church somewhat less intolerable to public opinion. It thus served not only piety and religion—too often more or less nominal—but was made available to render the public service more efficient, and to promote the interests of learning and culture.

Regarding the whole question from the standpoint of historical development, though no amount of special pleading can justify the practice in its general working, on ethical and religious grounds, or disguise the fact that the emoluments so applied were too often sadly misapplied, it is well that the point raised by Dr. Trevelyan should not altogether be lost sight of.

For many years it has been the deliberate opinion of the present writer that the social conditions of mediaeval life afforded an adequate *raison d'être* for the autocratic Roman Church. Such a Church met contemporary needs as no other type of Church could have done. The prevailing rule was that of the strong: in practice might was right, and the recognized claims of the defenceless and the weak were almost *nil*. But in this iron time more than once an evil King, impervious to moral suasion or pious pleading, was brought to heel by the formidable ultimatum of the Sovereign Pontiff, heir of the Prince of the Apostles, and armed with the dread Power of the Keys. So likewise the Lord Bishop—himself not infrequently also Elector, Prince, or Count—called check to the malpractices of some bandit Baron as no mere minister of religion could have done. Even the humble parish priest, vested with a certain awful dignity by virtue of his delegated authority, could do something to restrain violence and to curb oppression in the humbler walks of life. Safeguarded by the authority of the Church, the right of sanctuary, liable as it was to abuse, was not without great compensating advantages. In that dark and lawless time it was well for mankind that the power of an idea should sometimes counter that of stark force, and prevail against it. But that it should so prevail it was necessary that the idea should express itself as an uncompromising imperative, an imperative backed by adequate sanctions. Though he does not dwell upon this particular question at any great length, Dr. Trevelyan does remind his readers that Free Churchism, as we understand it, was entirely unsuited to

mediaeval conditions; and that if the Church had then enjoyed the full liberty of a modern voluntary religious denomination great evils must have ensued.

Though, in its ultimate results, the Protestant Reformation in England has been fruitful of incalculable benefit, the story of the event in itself is unedifying enough. Dr. Trevelyan's treatment of this vital episode is suggestive and illuminating. The influence of Luther's protest was by no means unfelt in England; it 'at once absorbed the Lollard into the Protestant movement.' But, so far as the party of change in this island was generally concerned, the main impulse came from 'a national and honourable dislike of the powers and privileges of the priesthood,' though this did not take on the complexion of a permanently anti-clerical policy, such as we have seen elsewhere. The Pope's inability—not on principle, but simply because he was, for the time being, in the grip of Queen Catherine's nephew, the Emperor Charles V—to gratify Henry VIII in the matter of the so-called divorce, made it appear 'intolerable that the interests of England should be subjected, through the Pope, to the will of the Emperor.' The personal element in this controversy was predominant at the outset, but it was soon completely overshadowed by its political and ecclesiastical implications; and the 'instrument chosen by Henry to effect his Royal Reformation was Parliament,' a fact which conferred a new importance on the latter. Though doctrinal and religious considerations had little to do with the inception of the reform movement now set on foot, one immediate result of it was the free circulation of the Bible, an innovation of immense significance and far-reaching results. 'The English Reformation, which had begun as a parliamentary attack on Church fees, and proceeded as a royal raid on abbey lands, was at last to find its religious basis in the popular knowledge of the Scriptures which had been the dream of Wyclif. In this way it acquired the strength that resisted the Marian

persecution, when cobblers, clothiers, and poor women willingly offered themselves for a cause they at last understood. . . . The conversion of England to Protestantism, which can be traced to origins in the time of Wyclif, was substantially effected during the long reign of Elizabeth. . . . The Crown in Parliament, the modern State omnipotent in its own borders, did indeed wield terrific powers after the Tudor monarchy had subdued the Church to its will. . . . But in religion and politics the new State for awhile imposed fetters scarcely less galling than those which had been broken. The right of Catholic and Puritan to worship God each according to his own conscience was not conceded. And in politics no opposition was allowed; no one might criticize the Government.'

Among dates which ought to be remembered is 1559, a momentous year in British history as the birth year alike of modern England and of modern Scotland. 'In the autumn of 1558 England was a Roman Catholic country virtually subject to Spain, and Scotland was a Roman Catholic country virtually subject to France. Two years later each was a Protestant country cleared of foreign soldiery and rulers, and closely identifying its newly chosen religion with its national independence.' In both countries the Reformation meant release from Continental dominion, secular no less than spiritual; but the movement in the two countries showed a marked divergence of character, for while England approached the Reformation through the Renaissance, Scotland approached the Renaissance through the Reformation.

At the back of the whole reform movement was an insistent and growing demand upon the part of the laity for some real share in the working and the life of the Church. As Dr. Trevelyan points out, the reaction of the Church to this demand necessarily determined the character that the movement was destined to assume, and his judgement thereupon finds expression in the following eloquent passage,

one of the weightiest in the volume. 'In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the Church refused every concession, effected no reform, and called in brute force to repress heresy. If an opposite course had been followed; if the rights of sanctuary and benefit of clergy had been modified; if ecclesiastical property had been redistributed more fairly to the poor parson; if priests had been permitted to marry their wives as in Saxon times; if the Pope had ceased to job rich places of the Church for foreign favourites; if the ecclesiastical authorities had withdrawn their countenance from the sale of pardons and relics and other superstitious practices that revolted the better sort of laity, orthodox as well as heretic; if the Church courts had ceased to make a trade of spying on the lives of the laity in order to extract fines for sin; and, finally, if Lollardry had been tolerated as Dissent,—there would have been religious evolution spread over several centuries, instead of the religious revolution which we know as the Reformation.'

With the passing of Elizabeth the strong rule of the Tudors came to an end. Under that dynasty great religious changes had taken place, and the kingdom to which the Stuarts succeeded no longer possessed religious unity. England was indeed Protestant, but religious opinion was far from being at one. In some districts in particular the old faith still maintained its hold upon the hearts of many, and new sects had sprung into existence. Presbyterians and Papists, Brownists and Anabaptists, together with a strong leaven of Puritanism in the Church of England itself, provided in rank luxuriance the seeds of controversy to come. But the lines of cleavage between Protestants had not as yet bitten really deep; a measure of toleration might have availed to check disruptive tendencies, and a policy of comprehension to have healed many a breach unhappily destined to become permanent, and a fruitful source of weakness and damage. That there were, at the

moment, hopeful possibilities was not unrecognized in influential quarters, and an attempt was made to effect a religious settlement. But it came to nothing, and a large, if not the largest, share of responsibility for its failure must be laid upon the shoulders of James I, perhaps the unkingliest king that ever wore the British crown, who had come, while still only King of Scots, to detest Presbyterianism and all its works. His attitude was wholly uncompromising, and the abortive result of the Hampton Court Conference, with its tragic sequel, the ejection of three hundred Puritan clergy from their livings, marks a parting of the ways in English Church history. This purging of the State Church of its Puritan element is referred to by Dr. Trevelyan as the starting-point of Nonconformity in England on a large scale.

A few years more and Nonconformity—which, in its turn, was on trial under the Commonwealth régime—had an opportunity, though under distinctly less favourable conditions, of grappling with the problem which Anglicanism had showed itself unable to solve—the religious settlement of England. But it, too, failed to rise to the occasion; for, in the day of its power, it revealed itself as short-sighted and as little tolerant as the Establishment it had displaced; and it reaped as it had sown when its brief authority had become a thing of the past.

The Anglican persecution of the Nonconformists, which followed hard upon the Restoration, should not be laid to the charge of Charles II, who has his own burden of obloquy to bear, or of Clarendon, who was not without grave faults. It was, in fact, 'prompted less by religious bigotry than political passion.' The Cavaliers, again in power, seemed to themselves to have been balked of their vengeance by the Act of Indemnity; their own personal losses had not, in many cases, been made good; and in the so-called Clarendon Code they sought an instalment of satisfaction for the injuries and indignities they had undergone.



The Dissenters in reality were assailed less on the ground of religious nonconformity than because dissent had come to be widely associated with king-killing, prohibition of stage plays and other amusements, raiding of landed properties, and the ruin or alienation of the ancestral homes of the nobility and gentry. In less than a quarter of a century, however, new antipathies had arisen, and the reactionary ecclesiastical policy of James II had called check to the mutual animosities of the Protestant denominations. Anglican and sectary were drawn together by a sense of common danger, and the idea of comprehension in matters of religion seemed once more to enter within the bounds of possibility. But, like that of two generations before, the opportunity was again suffered to slip by—this time never to return.

The beneficent rule of William III, though far from securing religious equality, did give the Nonconformists a fair measure of toleration. This, however, was all too soon rendered to a large extent nugatory by the Tory reaction of the following reign, with its Occasional Conformity Act, and the still more objectionable Schism Act. The possibility of civil war again emerged, but the change of dynasty on the death of Queen Anne 'saved the Dissenters without resort to arms, and established the full eighteenth-century era of domestic peace, Latitudinarianism, and toleration.' This, however, did not go so far as the removal of all religious disability, and the reason is not far to seek. The Whigs, though victorious, were a minority party, though more than proportionately strong by reason of their hold upon the towns—London in particular—and their greater unity of purpose and of feeling, as compared with the Tories, who were at once divided and suspect on the score of the Jacobite sympathies which infected many within their ranks. Under these conditions Nonconformist disabilities long remained unremedied, notably in respect of educational facilities. Hence perhaps may, at any rate in

part, be explained the fact that 'between William Penn and John Bright no Nonconformist was prominent as a leader of political life in England.'

The coming of the Hanoverian was followed by nearly half a century of Whig rule. The Anglican Church—retaining meanwhile exclusive civil and religious privileges—was during this period subject to Latitudinarian influences in high places; for from this wing of the Establishment were generally filled bishoprics and other offices in the gift of the Government. To the influence of office was added that of intellectual strength, which was markedly characteristic of the Latitudinarian party. The clergy in general ceased to be zealots, theology was at a discount, while the conformity of Christianity with reason was strongly insisted on. 'The clergy, while thus inspired—or uninspired—were in certain respects in closer touch with the great body of the laity than at any time before or after.' They were far too unclerical, in matter of fact, secular to a large extent in outlook and occupation. Younger sons in increasing numbers began to take orders; the social status of the country clergy, which had been low in Stuart times, was steadily rising; the hunting parson and the clerical Justice of the Peace began to be much in evidence in county circles. Lack of religious earnestness and almost complete failure to grapple with the problem raised by the rapid growth of urban populations were, perhaps, the two outstanding blots upon the life of the Established Church at this period; and it was not alone in incurring this reproach. 'The Dissenting bodies of the Bunyan tradition . . . were becoming more "respectable," less "enthusiastic," and more bourgeois. The Presbyterian body had largely become Unitarian. The Quakers, ceasing to be popular revivalists, became spiritually "quiet" and economically prosperous.'

Upon the lethargy and deadly routine of eighteenth-century Church life suddenly swept down the Evangelical Revival like the breath of a new life, the Spirit which

quicken the Dry Bones of Ezekiel's vision. Utterly unlike the conventional parson, conformist or nonconformist, was John Wesley, 'one of the greatest missionaries and greatest religious organizers of all history.' His flaming zeal, his passion for the salvation of souls, his courage and tireless activity, his entire independence of all precedent in the method which he adopted, were cyclonic in their effect.

The story of the labours of Wesley and his coadjutors, and of those who carried on the work when the first generation of Methodists had passed away, has been often told, and is too great a story to be re-told now. The fruit of these labours has come down to us as a precious heritage, a heritage which carries with it a vast responsibility. The needs of the world of to-day are overwhelmingly great, and its demand for the breath of a new life and a spiritual quickening are as clamant now as they were two centuries ago. The progress of material civilization has opened up new opportunities of service, but it has at the same time created new perils. The times are evil. Whether we look at home or abroad we contemplate a great unrest, in politics, in industry, and in religion—the foundations of all alike have been rudely shaken. Our attempts to grapple with the perils which threaten, our Leagues of Nations, and our industrial agreements are palliatives at best, not remedies. The need of the age is for a new spirit, a new point of view, and a new estimate of values. At the root of our troubles lies fear, fear of one another, which breeds suspicion and distrust. The Christianity of Jesus Christ become effective in politics and in industry would end all this; for the essence of that is love, and perfect love casteth out fear, and creates trust, apart from which no really healthy state of society is possible. The Christian ethic as the directing influence in Cabinet and Board Room, in Senate House and Trades Union Congress, is the one really effective remedy. Once that were established our gravest problems would be

well on the way to solution. The question of disarmament, the policy of the general strike, would take on a new complexion. This seems far enough away at the time of writing, but the achievement of it is the contribution to world-history which the times demand of the Church. But is she better prepared for the task than she was two centuries ago to effect an Evangelical Revival in England? If there be no man outstanding in the religious life of to-day as did Wesley in his time, lesser men in co-operation—the rank and file of our Church membership united, by the bond of a common loyalty and love, in spirit and in purpose—might accomplish things bigger than we are fully aware. It has been often remarked that the Evangelical Revival saved this country from the horrors of a French Revolution; a real revival of religion can, and probably alone can, save England and the world from the known and unknown perils which lie dark upon our horizon.

Even this brief glance at one or two phases of the history of religion in our own island has comprised elements of light and shadow, a shadow which has sometimes seemed to be very dark. But, in spite of the selfishness and shortcoming which religious life in the past too often reveals, there are real grounds for hope, since religion itself appears as a living and uplifting force. Set-backs notwithstanding, a long view discloses progress. There are indeed moments when the waters ebb, but the tide is rising all the time. Even folly and mistakes have not infrequently been wisely overruled for good. Uncertain as is the outlook at the moment, pessimism would be out of place. For God lives and rules: and through historical development, halting and uncertain as often-times, in process, it appears to be, He will ultimately accomplish His high and holy purpose for mankind, a purpose higher than our finite intelligence can comprehend, and more wonderful than it hath entered into the heart of man to conceive.

W. ERNEST BEET.

## GREEK AND EARLY CHRISTIAN VIEWS ON HOPE

Hope, the nurse of eld, the fosterer of the heart,  
 Hope, who chiefly ruleth the changeful mind of man.

—PINDAR, Fragment 214.

**S**TUDENTS of the classics are often impressed in their reading by the sinister associations that attach to the Greek conception of Elpis (Hope), as compared with the radiant, joyous descriptions of her that abound in the writings of St. Paul. To a character in one of Euripides' plays Elpis is 'a thing most pernicious to mortals : many a State hath it embroiled,'<sup>1</sup> but St. Paul spoke of the hope 'that maketh not ashamed.' Some psychological or temperamental explanation there must surely be for such divergent views. In the present paper, therefore, I shall endeavour to gather together a few impressions of Elpis, collected from a fairly wide reading of Greek literature, and to show, as far as may be possible, that the nature of Elpis as depicted therein is the result of the peculiar outlook which the Greeks had upon life and religion.

The Greek word for hope (*elpis*, *elpizo*) has been connected etymologically with *voluptas*, the Latin word for 'pleasure,' and would seem, therefore, even by derivation, to indicate an affective, emotional state of a pleasurable kind. It appears, however, to have had a neutral meaning as well, for in early authors, like Homer and Pindar, it can have the sense of 'expectation' merely, whether of good or evil. For our present purpose it will suffice if we confine our attention to the more familiar usage of *elpis*, as denoting a pleasurable emotional state, an expectation of good, 'a desire for a belief,' as one modern psychologist would put it.

Beginning with a consideration of Homer, we find, as we

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<sup>1</sup> Euripides, *Supplices*, 479.

might expect, that the word is used predominantly in its vague, colourless sense of 'expect' or 'suppose,' but that the later meaning of 'desire confidently, often to one's cost,' is beginning to gain vogue. Out of about seventy-five instances of the use of the verb, nearly half have the neutral meaning, whereas two-thirds of the remainder are used with the peculiarly Greek innuendo, that the Elpis is to be the precursor of Disaster or Doom. Let us take a few instances from the *Iliad*. In Book xiii., where Zeus relinquishes for a time his control over the fortunes of war, and Poseidon takes his place, the Trojans are represented as 'hoping to take the ships of the Achaeans, and to slay thereby all the bravest of the host.'<sup>1</sup> But the Earth-shaker comes from the deep sea, 'in form and untiring voice like unto Calchas,' and personally rouses the two Aiantes and other leaders, so that the Greeks really put up a stubborn resistance, with the result that the Trojans are ultimately forced to retire. Here the divine agency itself is made to interpose, so that the hopes of mortal men may be frustrated. A similar case occurs in Book xiv. 67, where Agamemnon addresses Nestor, and shows how, through the opposition of Zeus, the hopes that the Achaeans built upon their wall and trench availed not: 'whereat the Achaeans endured so much labour, hoping in their heart that it should be the unbroken bulwark of the ships, and of their own bodies—such it seemeth must be the will of Zeus supreme, that the Achaeans should perish here nameless far from Argos.'

Even more striking is an illustration from Book xxi., where Achilles has pursued the Trojans up to the city of Troy, and would have taken it, had not Apollo deluded him by taking the form of Agenor, and lured him away from the gates: 'for by wile Apollo beguiled him that he kept ever hoping to overtake him in the race.'<sup>2</sup> In all these

<sup>1</sup> *Iliad*, xiii. 41. (This and following quotations from the *Iliad* are from the translation by Lang, Leaf, and Myers.)

<sup>2</sup> *Iliad*, xxi. 604-5.



instances, and in many others, the frustration of hope is due to the vengeful action of the gods, conceived by Homer as anthropomorphic, made after man's own image. Hence the idea that a man might be deluded and even tempted by a divine power caused no difficulty. Professor J. A. K. Thomson, in his *Studies in the Odyssey*, has opined that the 'Phthonos, or Envy, of the gods' is foreign to Homer.<sup>1</sup> It is true that one does not find as much of it there as in the Tragedians, where everything high and exalted and proud is supposed to arouse the jealousy of heaven, yet the doctrine is there in the germ, as witness the tale of Niobe, told in *Iliad*, xxiv. 602-12: 'She whose twelve children perished in her halls, six daughters and six lusty sons. The sons Apollo, in his anger against Niobe, slew with arrows from his silver bow, and the daughters archer Artemis, for that Niobe matched herself against fair-cheeked Leto, saying that the goddess bare but twain, but herself many children: so they, though they were but twain, destroyed the others all. Nine days they lay in their blood, nor was there any to bury them, for Kronion turned the folk to stones. Yet on the tenth day the gods of heaven buried them.'

There is also the considerable number of passages where *Ate* (Sin or Infatuation) is mentioned: 'Eldest daughter of Zeus is Ate who blindeth all, a power of bane: delicate are her feet, for not upon earth she goeth, but walketh over the heads of men, making men to fall; and entangleth this one or that.' In the same speech Agamemnon, referring to his insolent treatment of Achilles, says: 'It is not I who am the cause, but Zeus and Destiny and Erinys that walketh in the darkness, who put into my soul fierce madness on the day when in the Assembly I, even I, bereft Achilles of his meed.'<sup>2</sup> It is clear that the Divine Envy is to be found in Homer, as in all other exponents of Olympian religion,

<sup>1</sup> *Studies in the Odyssey*, J. A. K. Thomson, pp. 11-13.

<sup>2</sup> *Iliad*, xix. 91-4, 86-9.

and that the gods, although they are in general supporters of righteousness and mercy, are not infallible, and possess, among other failings of human beings, the attribute of Jealousy. This aspect of their character is well summarized by the nymph Calypso in the *Odyssey*, when she says: 'Hard are ye gods, and jealous exceedingly.'<sup>1</sup>

While, therefore, one admits that there are many instances in Homer where the word *Elpis* contains no implication of evil, yet one cannot but observe that the sinister meaning is gaining ground, and that in the Epic, as in later literature, it is the Divine Envy that is responsible for the promptings of *Elpis*, that lures men on to disappointment and disaster.

Passing over about a century, we come to the works of Hesiod, the Boeotian farmer. His tale of Pandora's box, set forth in the *Works and Days* (69 seq.), is known to all. Pandora, the woman fashioned by the hand of Hephaestus and adorned with blandishments by all the gods, to be a bane to mortal men, found in the house of Epimetheus, or brought with her from Olympus, a great jar, in which were contained all the Keres (sprites) of Evil and Disease, which till then had been bound fast, and had never troubled the tribes of men. Pandora, opening the lid of the great jar in a fit of curiosity, let out all the evil Keres except one, *Elpis*, which was held safe beneath the rim as the woman shut the lid. While all the other sprites roamed freely over the earth, working havoc and destruction, *Elpis* remained behind. All commentators have noticed a confusion of thought in Hesiod's story. If *Elpis* is an evil sprite, like the others, why does she remain behind, and not flit forth like the rest? Possibly the best explanation is that given by Waser in Pauly-Wissowa's *Lexicon*, viz. that Hope remains behind in order to be distributed to mortals as a special gift by Prometheus, whose gift of Fire has already been described in the *Works and Days*.

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<sup>1</sup> *Odyssey*, v. 118.

Whatever be the origin, and whatever be the explanation of this detail in the story, it is indisputable that Hope is regarded by Hesiod as an evil, as belonging to the same category as Death and the Diseases that work havoc among mankind. Another passage (*W. & D.*, 493) confirms this, where Hesiod warns his reader to pass by the smith's forge and crowded meeting-place in the winter season: 'The idle man who waits on empty hope, lacking a livelihood, reaps a full harvest of trouble in his heart; it is not a wholesome hope that accompanies a needy man who lolls at ease while he has no sure livelihood.'

In Hesiod, therefore, perhaps more than in Homer, the tendency is for Elpis to appear as an ensnarer and deluder of men; and the conception here, as in Homer, is linked with the same view of the heavenly gods, as delighting in the abasement of all that is exalted; but in the *Works and Days* there is added to this the complementary theory that those who are duly modest and humble shall be uplifted: 'Lightly He giveth strength, and lightly He afflicteth the strong: lightly He bringeth low the mighty, and lifteth up the humble: lightly He maketh the crooked to be straight and withereth the proud as chaff: Zeus, who thundereth in heaven, who dwelleth in the height.'

In the Elegists and Lyrists, who wrote from the seventh to the fifth centuries before Christ, the same view of Elpis prevails, with some exceptions. Theognis in his elegies does recognize the possibility of a good Elpis, when he says: 'Elpis is the only good deity left to men: the others have forsaken them, and gone to Olympus. Faith, Temperance have gone. The Graces have left the earth. No longer are just oaths observed among men, nor does any one reverence the immortal gods. . . . But as long as a man lives, and beholds the light of the sun, let him worship the gods and wait upon Hope. Let him pray to the gods,

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<sup>1</sup> Hesiod, *Works and Days*, 5-8 (A. W. Mair's translation).

and, as he burns goodly thighs, let him sacrifice first and last to Hope.’<sup>1</sup>

Reading between the lines, however, one concludes that this is but a forlorn hope after all. When Temperance, Good Faith, and the Graces have all forsaken the earth, the Hope that remains can accomplish but little, and becomes almost as much of a delusion as the Elpis of one of his earlier elegies: ‘Hope and Chance are held in equal esteem by men: for both of these are cruel divinities.’<sup>2</sup>

Pindar is consistently pessimistic about Hope. ‘As for that which cometh from Zeus, there is no clear sign in heaven that waiteth on man; but yet we embark upon bold endeavours, yearning after many exploits; for our limbs are fettered by unfortunate Hope, while the tides of foreknowledge lie far away from our sight. In our quest of gain, it is right to pursue due measure; but far too keen are the pangs of madness that come from unattainable longings.’<sup>3</sup> And again, in *Olympian* xii., we have: ‘Verily, the hopes of men are tossed, now high, now low, as they cleave the treacherous sea of fancies vain. But never yet hath any man on earth found a sure token sent from heaven to tell him how he shall fare in the future, but warnings of events to come are wrapped in gloom.’<sup>4</sup>

We know that Pindar had come under the influence of Orphism, and therefore believed that the soul of man had a divine origin, and that there was a life after death, where the good, ‘having the sun shining for evermore, receive the boon of a life of lightened toil, and share a life that knoweth no tears.’<sup>5</sup> One would, therefore, have expected from him some doctrine different from that of the current belief in

<sup>1</sup> Theognis, *Elegies*, 1135–46.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid., 637–8.

<sup>3</sup> Pindar, *Nemean*, xi. 45–6 (Sir E. Sandys’s translation).

<sup>4</sup> Pindar, *Olympian*, xii. 5–9 (same translation).

<sup>5</sup> Pindar, *Olympian*, ii. 62–7.

the jealousy of the heavenly powers, but he keeps to tradition, and says :

'I pray that the gods may regard with no envy the fortunes of thy home, Xenarces : . . . victory doth not depend on man alone : but He that giveth is God, who, at one while, exalteth on high, and, at another, bringeth one below the level of his hands.'

Hence his pessimistic view of Hope.

Bacchylides, as one would expect, utters the same sentiments as Pindar. 'Deceitful Hope has crept into the hearts of men,' he says in *Ode* iii. (75-6), and, 'Hope robs men of prudent thoughts' (*Ode* viii. 18). Describing the battle between the Greeks and the Trojans at the ships, he writes : 'Hapless ones ! uplifted in spirit by high hopes, the chariot-borne warriors of Troy were sure that they would sack the dark-prowed ships of the Greeks, and that in a few days dancing and feasting would be the portion of their god-built city. Ah, they were doomed, or ever that should be, to redden the eddying Scamander with their blood.'

The historian Herodotus, influenced, as he was, by the Epic spirit and vocabulary, reproduced also the Epic theology. An attempt has been made recently, by Mr. T. R. Glover, to show that the doctrine of Nemesis and of the Jealousy of the gods was not necessarily held by Herodotus himself, and that it appears only in the epic speeches assigned to historical characters like Solon, Amasis, Artabanus.\* But one can hardly escape from attributing to the author himself the view of Divine Providence which dominates the tales of the downfall of Croesus, the ring of Polycrates, the invasion of Xerxes. The allied Greeks asked the Locrians and Phocians to join them against the

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\* Pindar, *Pythian*, viii. 71-8.

\* Bacchylides, xii. 157-65 (Sir Richard Jebb's translation).

\* See T. R. Glover's *Herodotus* (Sather Lectures), pp. 285-7.

Persians : 'for,' said they, 'no mortal lives, nor ever will live, into whose lot disaster has not entered, and the greater the man the greater the disaster : therefore the invader, being mortal, will fall from his estate.'<sup>1</sup> Hence the peculiar view of the emotion of Hope, which we have found in all the authors thus far considered, reappears in Herodotus too. He can find no fault with oracles, he says, when he thinks of the following utterance of Bacis : 'When they shall bridge with ships the sacred shore of Artemis of the golden sword, and sea-girt Cynosura, having with mad Hope destroyed beautiful Athens, then divine Vengeance shall quench strong Presumption, son of Insolence, when thinking to subvert all things. For brass shall engage with brass, and Ares shall redden the sea with blood, and the far-thundering son of Kronos and benign victory shall bring a day of freedom to Greece.'<sup>2</sup>

To the Dramatists we are taught to look for a moralized form of this doctrine. Aeschylus, we are told, while accepting the existing religious order, desired to ennoble it. He preached the omnipotence and perfect justice of Zeus. Zeus was not the cause of evil. The curse of the house of Oedipus is not worked out in a fatalistic way. The individual is free to act as he will, and the Jealousy of the gods is aroused, not by conspicuous success or prosperity, but by the insolence and sin that frequently accompany such prosperity. The inherited curse gives only a predisposition to crime. The individual is guilty of his own particular sin, and Zeus is guiltless. With Sophocles Zeus is in the background, while the human beings are in the foreground. He is not concerned so much to prove the infallible justice of heaven as to portray the strength and weakness of men. Both these dramatists, however, tell the same tale of those divine agencies and passions that bring about tragic catastrophes, and with both Hope is, for the

<sup>1</sup> Herodotus, vii. 203.

<sup>2</sup> Herodotus, viii. 77 (translation by Henry Cary).



most part, the Temptress, the Deluder, who becomes instrumental in the disaster. So we read in the *Supplices* of Aeschylus : 'From their high-towering hopes he hurleth down to destruction the race of men. Yet setteth he no forces in array, all his works are effortless. Seated on holiest throne, from thence, unknown to us, he bringeth his will to pass.'<sup>1</sup>

In the *Agamemnon* the great son of Atreus declares :

The great gods heard our cause, and in one mood  
Uprising, in the urn of bitter blood,  
That men should shriek and die and towers should burn,  
Cast their great vote ; while over Mercy's urn  
Hope waved her empty hands, and nothing fell.'<sup>2</sup>

In the *Prometheus Vincitus* we find the sequel to the story of Pandora's jar. Prometheus, recounting his services to man, says : 'Blind hopes I planted within them.'<sup>3</sup> But, since these do not prevent the fated approach of death, they can scarcely be regarded as a blessing any more than the Hope that remained behind within Pandora's jar. Mr. Cornford, indeed, in his *Thucydides Mythistoricus*,<sup>4</sup> regards as deliberately ironical the reply of the chorus : 'A great boon that was to mortals.'

One of the most familiar choruses of the *Antigone* of Sophocles tells of Hope in a twofold aspect. It brings comfort, but at the same time it is an evil guide. The latter characteristic is the more stressed, and appears to have impressed the poet especially : 'For that far-roving Hope, though many men have comfort of her, to many is a Delusion that wings the dreams of Desire : and he whom she haunts knows nothing till he burn his foot against hot fire. For

<sup>1</sup> Aeschylus, *Supplices*, 90-5.

<sup>2</sup> Aeschylus, *Agamemnon*, 831-17 (Professor Gilbert Murray's translation).

<sup>3</sup> Aeschylus, *Prometheus Vincitus*, 258.

<sup>4</sup> See *Thucydides Mythistoricus*, p. 168.

with wisdom hath one given forth the famous saying that, soon or late, evil seems good to him whose mind God draws to ruin ; and from the blindness of that ruin his acts are free no more than for a moment's span.'<sup>1</sup>

Euripides is usually described as an agnostic in matters of religion, and an utter sceptic in regard to the traditional polytheism. At times he appears as a wistful seeker after truth, as in the *Troades* (886) ; at others he gives a vivid portrayal of the emotions and behaviour of the believer, as in the *Bacchae* ; at others he frankly criticizes current beliefs, as in the *Ion* and the *Heracles*. In these last plays he is at pains to declare his view that the god is not unchaste, or vindictive. He becomes, therefore, through these utterances the leader of a new movement in religious ethics, a movement which was to sweep away the old doctrine of Envy, Infatuation, Nemesis. Truth to tell, there is but little of this old doctrine in his plays. Yet, to make his characters realistic, he feels bound at times to make them talk in almost the same language as Aeschylus :

Nor the same house treads evermore in prosperity's ways ;  
But the fate of to-day is dogged by the feet of the fate of to-morrow  
Ever treading anigh ;  
And him that was highly exalted it comes to abase,  
And him that was nothing accounted it setteth on high.<sup>2</sup>

Similarly, his characters frequently speak disparagingly of Hope :

POLYNEICES : Hopes look with kind eyes, yet they long delay.

JOCASTA : But doth not time lay bare their emptiness ?

POLYNEICES : Ah, but sweet witchery mid ills have they !<sup>3</sup>

Similarly, in the *Heracleidae* (433-4), Iolaus says :

Ah me, why didst thou cheer me, cruel Hope,  
Erst, when thy mind was not to crown thy boon ?

<sup>1</sup> Sophocles, *Antigone*, 616-25 (Mr. Cornford's translation).

<sup>2</sup> Euripides, *Heracleidae*, 610-18 (Mr. Way's translation).

<sup>3</sup> Ibid., *Phoenissae*, 897-9.

Thucydides, the first scientific historian, was contemporary with Euripides. He had lived through the Sophistic enlightenment, and had evidently had a similar spiritual experience. In his *Thucydides Mythistoricus*, Mr. F. M. Cornford has pointed out that Thucydides rationalized history, and removed the theological element which had been so conspicuous in Herodotus : yet, in spite of himself, something of the old theological framework remained behind in his mode of describing and viewing events.<sup>1</sup> Thucydides does not regard the gods as causing events, but he continually speaks of Fortune, Hope, and Desire as factors in human life that must be reckoned with. Tyche (Fortune) dominates the Athenian adventure at Pylos : Peitho (Temptation) and Elpis are to be seen swaying Athens in the person of Cleon : the Athenian attitude in the Melian Dialogue illustrates Hybris (Insolence) : the Sicilian Expedition is a tragedy brought about by Hybris and the passion of Eros (Desire) embodied in Alcibiades. It is, of course, unlikely that Thucydides was conscious of having presented his material in this Aeschylean mould, but the emphasis laid on these psychological conceptions is certainly striking. The Athenians, according to the familiar description of the Corinthian envoys in Book i. 70, are 'of good hope in danger : and if they fail in one attempt, they immediately conceive a new hope to take its place : so rapidly does the act follow the decision that hoping and having are to them the same.' Diodotus, in the speech made to protest against the destruction of Mitylene, says : ' Hope also and cupidity, the one leading and the other following, the one conceiving the attempt, the other suggesting the facility of succeeding, cause the widest ruin, and, although invisible agents, are far stronger than the dangers that are seen.'<sup>2</sup> But perhaps the most complete statement of the Aeschylean view of

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<sup>1</sup> See *Thucydides Mythistoricus*, chap. viii.

<sup>2</sup> Thucydides, iii. 45 (Crawley's translation).

Hope and the other forces that have been mentioned is to be found in the speech of the Athenians in the Melian Dialogue. Here is the account of Hope: 'Hope, danger's comforter, may be indulged in by those who have abundant resources, if not without loss, at all events without ruin; but its nature is to be extravagant, and those who go so far as to put their all upon the venture see it in its true colours only when they are ruined.'<sup>1</sup>

In Euripides and Thucydides we perceive a kind of transition stage in religious outlook; they are, neither of them, adherents of the old Olympian theology, with its anthropomorphic, jealous gods, and yet neither has been able to take an optimistic view of human life, or to accord any absolutely good significance to the conceptions of Fortune, Hope, Desire. With the next century, however, the influence of Orphism, and the spread of Dionysiac and Pythagorean cults, seem to have brought about a change of view. The essence of these religions was that the worshipper might partake of the divine nature, and that the god was a deified man; whereas the 'cardinal principle of Olympian theology was that man cannot become a god or immortal, neither can God become man.'<sup>2</sup> Pindar, in spite of his conversion to the Orphic view of the soul, held, as we saw, the Olympian view of the gods, and said: 'Seek not to become a god.'<sup>3</sup> Empedocles the philosopher, however, boldly said: 'Behold I am to thee a deathless god, no more a mortal.' When the barrier between God and man was thus broken down, Eros and Elpis were no longer the two fatal passions, nor was there the same insistence on the sin of Hybris.

The most remarkable writer among the disciples of Orphism was, of course, Plato. Both he and his master, Socrates, took over from the Orphics the doctrine of the

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<sup>1</sup> Thucydides, v. 103.

<sup>2</sup> F. M. Cornford, *From Religion to Philosophy*, p. 118.

<sup>3</sup> Pindar, *Olympian*, v. 24.

divine origin of the soul, and combined with it a belief in the goodness of God. They were nothing if not teleological, i.e. in their view the world and its parts were controlled for the good of its creatures as if by a purposeful Intelligence. In his *Republic* (379-80) Plato took particular pains to criticize Homer and Aeschylus for attributing evil of any kind to the gods, for representing them as desiring to hurt human beings, or as deliberately misleading and deceiving them. In Book x. (613A) he says that 'the gods can never neglect a man who strives earnestly to become just, and by the practice of virtue to grow as much like God as man is permitted to do.' In the *Theaetetus* he affirms even more strongly that the god is 'in no respect or relation unjust, but as just as it is possible to be,' and the only escape from evil is 'to become as like to God as possible' (176B). Similarly, in the *Phaedrus* (247A) Jealousy is said to have no place in the heavenly choir.

Parallel to this view of a good god and the divine origin of the soul, we get an optimistic outlook, and a favourable use of the word Hope. The aspirations of men who looked forward to a life hereafter, ordained by a beneficent deity, could not but be aspirations towards Good. In his last speech to his judges, Socrates said: 'Thus let us conceive that there is abundant hope that death is good,' and, 'You, O my judges, ought to entertain good hopes with respect to death.'<sup>1</sup> The *Phaedo*, a dialogue that deals not with the sadness of death so much as with the promise of life, has numerous references to Hope. The man who has passed his life as a philosopher is rightly hopeful that he will win the greatest of blessings at death; he takes the appointed journey 'with good hope'; he does his utmost to partake throughout life of Virtue and Wisdom, for 'the prize is glorious and the hope great.'<sup>2</sup> In the *Republic* the philosopher, after living his life here untainted by unrighteousness

<sup>1</sup> Plato, *Apology*, 40C and 41C.

<sup>2</sup> Plato, *Phaedo*, 64A, 67B-C, 114C.

and unholy deeds, takes his departure, when the time for his release arrives, 'amid bright hopes, with cheerfulness and serenity.'<sup>1</sup>

The Platonic view of life and the soul and of the emotion of hope was developed further in the writings of St. Paul, and prevails in the New Testament scriptures generally. St. Peter bade the members of the Church to 'be ready to give an answer to every man that asked a reason of the hope' that was in them.<sup>2</sup> That hope was based on a teleological view of the world. To the Christian, God was good, the source of all righteousness. Christ brought 'life and immortality to light through the gospel,'<sup>3</sup> so that the Christian had for his heritage 'eternal life.' Since the Christian is the child of God, and looks forward to eternal life, he has every reason to hope: his hope is based on the fundamentals of his faith. The fifth chapter of Romans gives us a psychological study of Christian hope. 'Through whom we rejoice in the hope of the glory of God: we glory in tribulations also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience: and patience experience: and experience hope: and hope maketh not ashamed.'<sup>4</sup> 'For we are saved by hope: but hope that is seen is not hope: but if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it.'<sup>5</sup> In Colossians i. 5 we seem to catch an echo even of the phraseology of Plato, where St. Paul speaks of the 'hope which is laid up for you in heaven,' reminding us of the city which is laid up in heaven as an example to men.<sup>6</sup>

After the Christian conception of hope it appears strange, in the second century of our era, to find the writer Lucian reverting to the old pagan idea, although he had completely rejected the pagan theology. Steeped as he was in the language and imagery and thoughts of the classical writers,

<sup>1</sup> Plato, *Republic*, 496E.

<sup>2</sup> 2 Tim. i. 10.

<sup>3</sup> Rom. viii. 24-5.

<sup>4</sup> 1 Pet. iii. 15.

<sup>5</sup> Rom. v. 2-5.

<sup>6</sup> Plato, *Republic*, 592B.



he borrowed, among other things, their conception of Hope. In his essay on *The Dependent Scholar* he draws a picture of the career in store for such a man, a picture in which Hope figures : ' I begin with tall golden gates, not set in the plain, but high upon a hill. Long and steep and slippery is the ascent ; and many a time when a man looks to reach the top, his foot slips and he is plunged headlong. Within the gates sits Wealth, a figure all of gold (so at least she seems), most fair, most lovely. Her lover painfully scales the height, and draws near to the door ; and that golden sight fills him with amazement. The beautiful woman in gorgeous raiment who now takes him by the hand is Hope. As she leads him in, his spirit is stricken with awe. Hope still shows the way ; but two others, Despair and Servitude, now take charge of him, and conduct him to Toil, who grinds the poor wretch down with labour, and at last hands him over to Age. He looks sickly now, and all his colour is gone. Last comes Contempt, and, laying violent hands on him, drags him into the presence of Despair ; it is now time for Hope to take wing and vanish. Naked, pale, and old, he is thrust forth, not by those golden gates by which he entered, but by some obscure back-passage. Now let Regret meet him without, dropping vain tears and heaping misery on misery—and my picture is complete.'<sup>1</sup>

To minds for whom the future was at best shadowy and uncertain ; who believed, if they believed at all, in gods of human form, human frailty, human weakness ; who had no prospect of a life hereafter wherein the injustices of this life might be redressed ; to whom the world was for the most part unkindly and Fortune capricious,—there seemed little sense in an unqualified optimism. They enjoyed to the full the pleasures of the day as they came, and when they came ; but they knew they were temporary, and took pains to adjust themselves to the limitations of the environment.

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<sup>1</sup> Lucian, *The Dependent Scholar* (translation of H. W. and F. G. Fowler).

In time of disaster they could console themselves by moralizing upon its inevitability, except in so far as they themselves were to blame by hoping too fervently or expecting too much. Man's task was to 'know himself,' and to 'seek the mean.'

This characteristically Greek attitude towards Life and Hope could not be better crystallized than in an epigram of uncertain date and authorship found in the *Anthologia Palatina* :

'Hope and Fortune, a long farewell to you both ! I have found the way. I no longer take delight in aught of yours. Away with both of you ! for ye lead men far astray. Ye present to our minds, as in visions of sleep, things that never shall really be, as if they were. Away with thee, poor puppet, mother of many woes : away with you both ! Make sport, if you will, of whomsoever ye find after me, whose mind dwells on things he should not think of. Who wrote this, God knows. Why ? Himself only knows.'

MARIE V. WILLIAMS.

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<sup>1</sup> *Anthologia Palatina*, ix. 134-5 (translation of W. R. Paton).

THE MUSINGS OF A MEMORABLE DEAN<sup>1</sup>

ENGLISHMEN, anxiously perambulating Wren's masterpiece in these days, within and without, come upon some interesting relics of Old St. Paul's. Without, on the south side, they see some bases of columns and other carven remnants of that great fane which fell in the Fire of 1666. Within, in the South Choir Aisle, they see a marble monument to Dr. Donne, the famous Dean of Old St. Paul's, who died in 1631. It is the only monument of the old Cathedral saved from the Great Fire.

Extraordinary, too, it is. It takes the form of the life-sized figure of a cadaverous man standing upon a cinerary urn, in a shroud knotted at feet and neck, surmounted by a skull wreathed with laurels and flanked with four Old Testament scenes. (See p.232.) The history of it may be found in Izaak Walton's biography of Donne. The eccentric Dean stood for the monument, in his last illness, upon a wooden urn, clad only in his shroud. The artist's work, painted on wood, was then placed by the bedside of the dying Dean, who surveyed it, for his own admonition, until his death. Sir Henry Wotton, Donne's intimate friend, deemed the marble face an excellent likeness. To him, 'it seemed to breathe faintly.' Original and morbid, the monument, Donne's own design, is singularly typical of him. He was ever engrossed, if not enamoured, with death and the grave, but his treatment of them was never conventional.

Perhaps, too, the survival of this monument is symbolical of Donne's fame. His reputation has passed through a crucible of fire calculated to destroy it. But it has survived the test, and Donne holds now an assured position in our literary and historical annals. He holds his place in English

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<sup>1</sup> *Devotions*, by John Donne, Dean of St. Paul's, London (Thomas Jones), 1624; *Donne's Devotions*, by D. A. Talboys, Oxford, 1841; *Donne's Devotions*, by John Sparrow, Cambridge, 1923.

poetry, prose, and pulpit oratory. In poetry it is now agreed that Donne marked an epoch. Ben Jonson considered Donne 'the first poet of the world for some things,' but added that 'he deserved hanging for not keeping accent.' But that was his virtue, not vice. He broke up the smooth melodiousness of Elizabethan lyrical verse, and introduced greater variety into its syllabification. Harsh, obscure, over-weighted often with conceits, subtleties, and tiresome, grotesque fancies, Donne nevertheless gave English verse a new expressiveness, and made his poetry the vehicle of fresh subtlety of thought with vividness and majesty of phrase. The school he founded contains the great names of George Herbert and Henry Vaughan.

In prose, Mr. George Saintsbury holds that some of Donne's Sermons contain the finest prose in the English language, and that he was 'one of the greatest intellects of his age.' Sir Edmund Gosse, in that standard book, *Donne's Life and Letters*, similarly says that in the second of his Prebend sermons, preached in Old St. Paul's in 1625, occurs 'one of the most magnificent pieces of religious writing in English literature, and closes with a majestic sentence of incomparable pomp and melody.' All readers thereof must surely subscribe to this. Samuel Taylor Coleridge wondered in his *Table Talk*, in 1831, why Donne's Sermons 'had not yet been reprinted in Oxford.' That neglect has since been remedied.

But neither Donne's secular nor sacred poetry, nor the prose of his noble sermons, is here to be considered. Attention is to be called to Donne's remarkable book of *Devotions*, a new edition of which has recently been edited by Mr. John Sparrow, and issued by the Cambridge University Press. It is the first edition produced since that of D. A. Talboys, published in Oxford in 1841 and now scarce. The third edition of these *Devotions* was published in Donne's lifetime three hundred years ago—in 1626. The first edition was published in London in 1624, printed for Thomas Jones

by Augustin Matthews, with the title *Devotions upon Emergent Occasions and severall steps in my sicknes.*

In the Dedication (to Prince Charles, afterwards Charles I) Donne declared in 1623 that 'I have had three births, one, natural, when I came into the world; one, supernatural, when I entered into the Ministry; and now, a preternatural birth, in returning to life after this sickness.'

The occasion of the *Devotions* was a sickness of a wasting order, probably typhoid, which threatened to be fatal. The illness came when Donne had been Dean of St. Paul's for two years and was fifty-four years of age. It was acute for more than three weeks. Throughout it all, however, Donne appears to have retained the vigour of his remarkable mental faculties, and to have used his pen daily, if not hourly, in writing reflections upon the progress of his malady. These manifest all his characteristic qualities—the splendour of his language and imagination, his beauty and depth of thought, his whimsicality and grotesqueness. He justifies his publication of these thoughts in his Preface: 'It might be enough that God hath seen my Devotions: but the examples of good Kings are commandments, and Hezekiah wrote the Meditations of his sickness after his sickness.' Donne divides his *Devotions* into twenty-three stages (*Stationes*), and takes us—or, rather, God and himself—through every phase of his sickness. He spares us nothing. The headings of these sections are very detailed, and often amusing. They constitute, if not a professional diagnosis of his disease, at least the pathology or natural history of it. Surely literary physicians like Sir Thomas Browne, Dr. John Brown, Dr. James Hinton, 'Original' Walker, and others must have delighted in it.

Each section is divided into three, phrased by Donne, as:

I. *Meditations* upon our humane condition.

II. *Expostulations* and Debatelements with God.

III. *Prayers*, upon the several Occasions, to Him.

Hence there are sixty-nine separate parts. It is difficult

to say into which of these general divisions Donne put the best of himself—his felicities and curiosities of thought, feeling, and expression. Perhaps, upon the whole, into the *Meditations*, though the *Expostulations* ('Deprecations' is a better alternative word than Walton's 'Disquisitions') are very fine, and many of the *Prayers* are moving and memorable. Donne lived before the age of Couéism and Christian Science, and he muses in detail over each symptom and stage of his illness, with much self-pity but no fear. Death had been too frequently the theme of his poems and sermons to have terrors for him, and he was also a real Christian.

Upon the first feeling of illness he declares, 'I am the dust and ashes of the temple of the Holy Ghost; what marble is so precious? But I am more than dust and ashes; I am my best part! I am my soul! And being so, the breath of God!'

When his pulse runs high, he asks about that soul, 'Why is not always a pulse in my soul to beat at the approach of a temptation to sin?' His first *Prayer* opens grandly: 'O Eternal and most Gracious God, who considered in Thyself art a *circle*, first and last, and altogether, but considered in Thy working upon us, art a *direct line*, and leadest us from our beginning, through all our ways, to our end, enable me, by Thy grace, to look forward to mine end, and to look backward too, to the consideration of Thy mercies afforded me from my beginning!'

When his faculties begin 'to change and fail' he is nevertheless most fertile and ingenious in his meditations: 'Earth is the centre of my body, Heaven is the centre of my soul; these two are the natural places of those two; both those go not to these two in an equal pace; my body falls down without pushing, my soul does not go up without pulling: Ascension is my soul's pace and measure, but precipitation my body's: and even angels, whose home is Heaven, and are winged too, yet had a ladder to go to



Heaven by steps.' This is characteristic Donne, as is also a passage taken from the accompanying Expostulation: 'My God, my God, Thou wast not wont to come in whirlwinds, but in soft and gentle air. Thy first breath breathed a soul in me, and shall Thy breath blow it out? Thy breath in the congregation, Thy Word in the Church, breathes communion and consolation here, and consummation hereafter. Shall Thy breath in this chamber breathe dissolution and destruction, divorce and separation? Surely it is not Thou, it is not Thy hand!'

When he has to take to his bed, his mind still works out ingenious conceits upon the resemblances between his bed and his grave—he worries the idea as a terrier worries a rat.

But in his Expostulation he exclaims nobly: 'Lord, Thou art Lord of Hosts, and lovest action—why callest Thou me from my calling?' 'As yet,' he continues, 'God suspends me between Heaven and earth, as a meteor: and I am not in Heaven, because an earthly body clogs me; and I am not in the earth, because a heavenly soul sustains me.' When he sends for the physician, he remarks, 'I know Thou hast made the *matter* and the *man* and the *art*, and I go not from Thee when I go to the physician.'

Dr. Johnson says that Donne was the father of the 'metaphysical' school of poetry—a very inapt adjective, 'Fantastical' would have been better. But Donne could be metaphysical enough when he wished. In his sickness, recognizing that God provides in Nature healing herbs, he asks, 'Didst Thou mean we should be sick when Thou didst so, when Thou madest them? No more than Thou didst mean we should sin when Thou madest us! *Thou foresawest both, but causeth neither.*' The last sentence reaches far.

Lying in state in his great Deanery chamber alone, he meditates on solitude: 'As sickness is the greatest misery, so the greatest misery of sickness is solitude. . . . Solitude is a torment which is not threatened in hell itself. Mere

vacuity, the first agent, God, the first instrument of God, Nature, will not admit ; nothing can be utterly empty, but so near a degree towards vacuity, as solitude, to be but one, they love not. . . . God Himself would admit a figure of society, as there is a plurality of persons in God, though there be but one God ; and all his external actions testify a love of society, and *communion*.' He then proceeds magnificently to develop this idea in a number of directions. Remarkable work for a sick man ! But Donne's *Devotions* represent a glorious triumph of spirit over body.

When the physician is afraid, Donne cries out, ' My God, my God, I find in Thy Book that fear is a stifling spirit, a spirit of suffocation,' and, recollecting Ishbosheth and Job, asks, ' When didst Thou rebuke any petitioner with the name of *Importunate* ? ' He condones his fear with the consideration that, ' O my God, Thou givest fear for ballast to carry us steadily in all weathers. . . . In Thy fear, my God, my fear, my God, and my hope, is hope, and love, and confidence, and peace, and every limb and ingredient of happiness enwrapped ; for Joy includes all ; and fear and joy consist together ; nay, constitute one another.' And then, as so often in his poetry, Donne's common sense fails him, his fertile but indiscriminating fancy flies away with him, and he writes of the Holy Women at the Sepulchre that ' they ran upon those two legs, fear and joy ; and both was the right leg ' !

When more physicians are called to him, Donne writes strikingly : ' Death is in an old man's door, he appears and tells him so ; and death is at a young man's back and says nothing ; Age is a sickness, and Youth is an ambush ; and we need so many physicians, as may make up a Watch, and spy every inconvenience.'

When the King (James the First) sends to him his own physician, Donne informs the Almighty that ' he (the King), first of any man conceived a hope that I might be of some use in Thy Church, and descended to an intimation, to a

persuasion, almost to a solicitation, that I might embrace that calling.' Walton confirms this statement, and adds that Donne had displayed such dialectical skill in answering arguments adduced by Romanists against taking the oath of supremacy, that the King never forgot it. Donne published in 1610 his discussions in the *Pseudo-Martyr*. He came of a Roman Catholic family—the Heywoods—and was at home in the acrid debate. King James never rested until Donne took Holy Orders. When once he did, preferment was rapid, and reached its climax at a Royal dinner in 1621, when the King said to Donne, 'Knowing you love London, I do therefore make you Dean of St. Paul's.'

While the bevy of physicians consult over Donne's case, the afflicted Dean writes on with detachment: 'Violent symptoms need instant attention. . . . Is it not in States too? Sometimes the insolency of those that are great puts the people into commotions; the great disease, and the greatest danger to the Head, is *the insolency of the great ones*; and yet they execute Martial law, they come to present executions upon the people, whose commotion was indeed but a symptom, but an accident of the main disease; but this symptom, grown so violent, would allow no time for consultation.' A very modern piece of political diagnosis—and sociologically accurate—worthy of Burke. As to the consultation upon his own case, Donne concludes: 'If I be under consultation, I am not condemned yet,' and, addressing God, affirms: 'He that seeks Thee early shall receive Thy morning dew, Thy seasonable mercy, Thy forward consolation.'

Another utterance of sociological interest occurs in Donne's eleventh *Meditation*: 'All laws of *Proprietie* (Property) in that which we possess, are of the law of Nature, which law is, to give every one his own, and yet in the primary law of Nature there was no *Proprietie* (Property), no *Meum* and *Tuum*, but an universal community over all.' A reminiscence of Aquinas, of the Early Christian Fathers, and of his

own legal studies. Donne had studied law at Lincoln's Inn, and this and many other passages in the *Devotions* indicate it. In later years he was appointed Lecturer to the Benchers there, and preached some of his most famous sermons before them in the Chapel.

To resume the record—when the physicians administer a heart-stimulant, 'a cordial,' Donne's spirit is stimulated also, and his eleventh *Expostulation* on 'hearts' is one of his finest. 'This is a *melting* heart, and a *troubled* heart, and a *wounded* heart, and a *broken* heart, and a *contrite* heart; and by the powerful working of Thy piercing Spirit, such a *heart* I have.' He closes his eleventh *Prayer* with: 'A silent and absolute obedience to Thy Will, even before I know it, is my Cordial. Preserve that to me, O my God, and that will preserve me to Thee.'

When he is treated for 'the vapours' he complains: 'It is a half-atheism to murmur against Nature, which is God's immediate commissioner . . . but what have I done, either to breed or to breathe these vapours? They tell me it is my Melancholy; did I infuse, did I drink in melancholy into myself? It is my thoughtfulness; was I not made to think? It is my study; doth not my Calling call for that?' 'But,' reflects he, 'there have been too many examples of men who have been their own executioners. . . . I do nothing upon myself, and yet am mine own executioner.'

Later he becomes very active-minded upon 'spots,' when spots appear upon his person, and descants at large upon spots natural and spots spiritual, and concludes: 'But what a wretched and disconsolate hermitage is that house which is not visited by Thee, and what a waive and stray is that man, that hath not Thy *Marks* upon him!'

When the crisis of his sickness comes, and his fate hangs on days, Donne engages in philosophical and very modern reflections upon the nature of Time. Here is a sentence or two: 'If this imaginary, half-nothing Time be of the essence of our happinesses, how can they be thought *durable*?

Time is not so! . . . Eternity had been the same as it is, though Time had never been.' He adds, 'Nothing deserves the name of the name of happiness which makes the remembrance of death bitter, and, O Death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that lives at rest in his possessions.'

At this moment he hears church bells, the bells of a City church near the old Deanery, or the bells of Old St. Paul's, and immediately busies his brain and his heart over that circumstance. The seventeenth *Meditation*, upon 'Bells,' contains some splendid prose. 'Where I lie I did hear the Psalm, and did join with the congregation; but I could not hear the sermon. These latter bells are a repetition of the sermon to me. . . . We cannot, O my God, take in too many helps for religious duties!' He hears the funeral-bell toll, and at once concludes that it tolls for himself, even if for another, 'as no man is an island, entire of itself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main.'

This too is good sociology, as well as good Christianity, as is also the succeeding sentence: 'Any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind.' Donne then rings wonderful changes and chimes on those church bells throughout six divisions.

At last, 'after a long and stormy voyage,' he writes that his physicians 'see land.' This lifts him to a high pitch of gratitude and often to grotesque fancies. The latter he justifies: 'My God, my God, Thou art a direct God, may I not say a literal God? . . . Thou art a figurative, a metaphysical God too, full of allegories, hyperboles, and metaphors!' If God is not, Donne himself is, as these sections fully exemplify.

The disease having taken the turn for the better, these seventeenth-century physicians engage in primitive physic and proceed to purge the patient! This proves too much for Donne's patience: 'Was I not sick before? And is

it a *question of comfort* to be asked now, Did your physic make you sick? Was that it my physic promised, to make me sick? . . . O *over-sociable misery* of man, that seldom comes alone! . . . I am ground even to an *attenuation*, and must proceed to *evacuation*, all ways to exinanition and annihilation!

When he begins to recover, he naturally feels his weakness, and what he calls his 'vertiginous giddines.' The Copernican theory was then new, but Donne was acquainted with it, as several of his poems indicate, and also this twenty-first *Expostulation* of the *Devotions*: 'I am up, and I seem to stand, and I go round; and I am a new argument of the new *Philosophy*, that the earth moves round; why may I not believe that the whole earth moves in a *round* motion, though that seem to me to stand, whereas I seem to stand to my Company, and yet am carried, in a giddy and circular motion as I stand?'

When the Dean is warned to be careful and to dread any relapse he cries: 'O Eternal and most gracious God, the God of security, and the enemy of security too, who wouldst have us always *sure* of Thy love, and yet wouldst have us always do something for it—let me always apprehend Thee as present with me, and yet so follow after Thee, as though I had not apprehended Thee'; and the book of his *Devotions* closes with the *Prayer*: 'O God, let me never put myself aboard with Hymenaeus, nor make shipwreck of faith and a good conscience, and then, Thy long-lived, Thy everlasting mercy will visit me, though that which I most earnestly pray against should fall upon me, a *relapse* into those sins which I have truly repented, and Thou hast fully pardoned.'

These quotations, though they appear numerous, give but a faint conception of the richness, variety, originality, piety, and beauty of Donne's little known and less read *Devotions*.

It remains only to say that, in addition to the *Devotions*, this sickness evoked from Donne his sacred poem:



A HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER

I

Wilt Thou forgive that sin where I begun,  
Which was my sin, though it were done before ?  
Wilt Thou forgive that sin, through which I run  
And do run still, though still I do deplore ?  
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,  
For I have more.

II

Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I have won  
Others to sin, and made my sin their door ?  
Wilt thou forgive that sin which I did shun  
A year or two, but wallowed in a score ?  
When thou hast done, Thou hast not done,  
For I have more.

III

I have a sin of fear, that when I have spun  
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore ;  
But swear by Thyself, that at my death Thy Son  
Shall shine as He shines now, and heretofore ;  
And having done that, Thou hast done ;  
I fear no more !

This hymn, which surely plays upon his own name as well as our Lord's, Donne had set to music, and was afterwards pleased to have it sung often at Evensong in the Cathedral. He regarded his recovery as something supernatural, and the singing of this poem always restored to his mind peace, serenity, and godly gratitude. He survived this sickness and lived until 1631, having been Dean of St. Paul's for ten years.

Two other occurrences during Donne's 1623 sickness are of interest. One is that the Chief Residentiary, Dr. Henry King, came to the Dean from the Chapter, suggesting an advantageous financial 'deal' with a Cathedral-property tenant. Donne was usually impecunious, and by no means indifferent to 'the main chance' when in health. But he declined to accede; 'my income shall not be

augmented from my sick-bed, and this I declare to be my unalterable resolution.'

The other incident of historic interest is that his eldest daughter Constance, aged twenty, married Edward Alleyn, aged fifty-eight, during her father's illness, presumably because she knew that, if well, he would not have consented. Edward Alleyn was the wealthy Elizabethan actor-manager and proprietor, who knew William Shakespeare, and who founded Dulwich College and the Hospital and Chapel of God's Gift.

SAMUEL E. KEEBLE.

The monument bears an inscription in Latin, Donne's own epitaph of himself. It is a very curious and characteristic epitaph, matching the monument. Archdeacon Wrangham has rendered it into English as follows :

John Donne,  
Doctor of Divinity,  
After various studies, pursued by himself from his earliest years  
with assiduity, and not without success,  
entered into Holy Orders  
under the influence and impulse of the Divine Spirit  
and by the advice and exhortation of King James,  
in the year of his Saviour, 1614, and of his own age, 42,  
having been invested with the Deanery of this Church  
November 27, 1621,  
he was stripped of it by Death on the last day of March, 1631,  
and here, though set in dust, he beholdeth Him  
whose name is the Rising.

AN EXTRAORDINARY DIARY<sup>1</sup>

**A**RTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON began to keep a regular diary in North Wales during the summer holiday of 1897. He was then thirty-five and had been a master at Eton for twelve years. He was inspired to make this record by the Letters and Journals of another Eton master, William Johnson-Cory, which had just been privately printed. The habit soon got hold of him, and when he returned to Eton he contrived, amid all the pressure of his work, to keep this diary, which gradually grew into a steady and copious chronicle of the events of the day. The grey or purple note-book lay on his table, and at any free moment he would dash down with incredible swiftness the story of his doings. As the volumes were filled they were put in a black wooden box made for the purpose, and when he died they numbered a hundred and eighty, and ran to four million words. Mr. Percy Lubbock, on whom has fallen the gigantic task of editing them, says they would fill forty substantial volumes. 'It means that over and above everything else, all the variety of his professional work, all his literary industry, all his social and active occupations, all the groaning mass of his daily correspondence—over and above all this, in the chinks and crevices of a life that seemed already crammed to overflowing, he found time for another big book or two every year.'

He wrote freely, and even recklessly, and Mr. Lubbock notes the points in which his pages fail to give a portrait that satisfies a friend. Arthur Benson talking to himself and Arthur Benson talking to another were two very different persons. In an afternoon walk, or in his crowded

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<sup>1</sup> *The Diary of Arthur Christopher Benson*, edited by Percy Lubbock. (Hutchinson & Co., 1926.)

little red-lit study at Magdalene, his geniality, his brimming interest, rich humour, and irresistible laughter produced a delightful impression. He made his friends readier and livelier with their jests and anecdotes and ideas than at any other time. 'Nothing went wrong; he never arrived cross or moody or fretful; he brought life into the circle, he freshened it into conviviality. He created enjoyment in the hour, but first he enjoyed it himself—and so obviously, so expansively, that the very sight of him was inspiring. Those walks or rides in the Cambridgeshire lanes, those evenings of relaxation round the fire, they were always to be counted on; provocative argument, insatiable curiosity, fantastic illustration, never failed; and laughter was perpetually in the air, keeping the occasion in a lively stir, in a swing and glow of festivity.' Mr. Lubbock shows conclusively that 'the man he thought himself is not the man who is sought as eagerly and lost as regretfully as Arthur Benson.' The shadow of a strange and difficult illness fell on him several times, and more than once blotted out the sunshine for years. 'The great world that he loved was turned to dust, and he suffered in bewilderment and misery.' But when the shadow lifted suddenly, it left no trace. He enjoyed life as before, but with the heightened excitement of release from the direst of experiences. In argument his friends were nowhere. While they were painfully seeking and measuring their phrases, his own were cracking about their 'ears with an advantage that he was prompt to use. Exasperating in dispute he often was, so ready, so elusive, so unfair; but he was never dull. He gave himself away with both hands, cheerful and careless. He fell upon the time-honoured riddles of life and death, art and philosophy, faith and morals, as irresponsibly as though no one had given them a thought before him; new every morning, fresh for debate, was the perplexity of the freedom of the will, the meaning of evil, the way of all flesh.' Mr. Lubbock says, 'No doubt

he lived and thought and worked too fast—too fast for safety, as it certainly was for the best of care and finish. But if he paid heavily for the years of enjoyment, at least he enjoyed them. The spirit of his vitality was none the maturer for age or pain, but it was unquenched by either.'

Yet amid all his happiness and prosperity there was some disharmony even in the good times. That makes itself felt in his diary. 'He had never made sure, never been forced to make sure, of the ground he stood on; he had never discovered himself, worked out his own salvation. And so his solitude, guarded as it was from the intrusion of man or woman, wanted the last and inmost confidence; and more and more, as the years went on, this failure of assurance, beneath so much that was vigorously assured, made itself felt.' Nevertheless, he had a warm and conscious satisfaction in the many good things of his life, and an exceptional power of imparting his pleasure to his companions. 'He utterly misrepresents himself if he persuades his reader to think otherwise.' Mr. Lubbock sums him up as 'a masterful, practical man, of strong preferences and determined will; he was a man of swift imagination and temper, acutely sensitive to passing impressions, quick to perceive and to forget; an impatient lover of beauty, an inspiring companion, an imperious friend. He was an artist of many talents, blessed or afflicted with a facility which he had not the weight to stem; he worked voraciously, with the lightness of hand of a craftsman, but with no tenacity, no faithful desire for perfection. He was a memorable master of youth—master rather than teacher or trainer; an inspirer of loyalty, an awakener of admiration and devotion, firing enthusiasm rather than guiding or fortifying it. Such he was, so he remains with us; and with this memory the picture he made of himself, in colours so far less intense and decided, will never rightly accord. That discrepancy points to a deeper and obscurer within him, a rift in a nature never in all its

parts adjusted with itself. But if that disquietude was always there, it was easily borne, easily forgotten in the engrossing business of the day ; and it gave no uncertainty to the mark he left upon all who knew him and who miss him now.'

The first of the note-books finds him with his new division at Eton, 'sitting like mice, all demure ; they seem amiable and serious. I wonder what W. J. [Cory] would have said at the decorum, the discipline, the friendliness that now prevail. I hardly ever raise my voice above a conversational tone, and very rarely set a punishment. But it's a precarious trade, and depends much on calm nerves.' He had lectured on Philemon one Sunday, and read Pliny's letter about a penitent freedman. But on Wednesday one of the class had forgotten that anything had been said and did not know who Philemon was. He had never heard (he said) of Onesimus. The master adds, 'A good lesson to me, at all events.'

The diary is pessimistic. 'I have no influence or weight.' That was far from being the case. He himself tells how the big boys in his house were full of tact, labouring to talk to him on general subjects, and, if the conversation veered round to athletics, steering him away with delightful geniality for fear of his betraying his ignorance. He made friends outside Eton, and in December 1897 stayed with the Duchess of Albany at Claremont, where he formed a firm friendship of many years and presently had her young son as a boy in his house at Eton. We find him talking in 1898 with the present Bishop of Salisbury, who imagined he was growing old, and didn't want to do things, but to be left alone with a book. One smiles to remember that the Archbishopric of Brisbane and the work at Salisbury lay in front. Benson professed to believe that he would yet set the Thames on fire, and was bent on a renewed and feverish bastinado of the reading public. They agreed that the only thing was to grow old gracefully. When he



got back to Eton the diary says, 'I read a few pages of Cory, which always brings up by cords of pathos and delight the deep well-water of the poetry of this life. I can't express what that book does for me.' He adds another note: 'Met Her Majesty, who has shirked the crossing to Cimiez to-day, on Windsor Bridge—an outrider on a grey horse in black livery in front, with long whip, another behind. H.M. looked very old, heavy, melancholy, and almost purple in complexion. But she is a gallant old thing.'

January 1900 found him at Lamb House, Rye, dipping his pen in rainbow hues, or, rather, trying to be exact, finished, delicate, in order to describe the charm of the place. Henry James met him at the station—'most affectionate, patting me on the shoulder and really welcoming, with abundance of *petits soins*. . . . The town is incredibly picturesque. It has a mouldering castle, a huge church like a cathedral, a few gabled and timbered cottages—but for the most part is built of wholesome Georgian brick, with fine mouldings, good door-hoods, and with an air of Dutch trimness and bourgeois stateliness, like a cathedral town, which breathes tranquillity.' They walked up to Lamb House, which was sober red Georgian, with the bow-window of the garden house, in which Henry James used to write in summer, facing you as you came up to the house. At dinner the host was full of talk, and next morning put his friend in the high-walled white parlour. He is 'full of fear that I am unhappy. He comes in, pokes the fire, presses a cigarette on me, puts his hand on my shoulder, looks inquiringly at me, and hurries away. His eyes are piercing. To see him, when I came down to breakfast this morning, in a kind of Holbein square cap of velvet and black velvet coat, scattering bread on the frozen lawn to the birds, was delightful.' When they walked out, James seemed to know every one. They met three nice-looking girls. The youngest was seven or eight, and threw

herself upon Henry James with cooing notes of delight, and kissed him repeatedly and effusively whilst the dogs bounded up to him.

At the Athenaeum in April 1904 Henry James admitted that he worked *every* day, dictated every morning, and began a new book the instant the old one was finished. He said it was his only chance, because he worked so slowly, and excised so much. Thomas Hardy came and sat on the other side of Benson. Neither of the veterans could hear what the other said, so Benson had to keep the ball rolling and felt like Alice between the two queens. Hardy thought 'Newman was no logician; that the *Apologia* was simply a poet's work, with a kind of lattice-work of logic in places to screen the poetry.'

In August 1904 Benson was at Abbotsford. The scene disappointed him—tame hills, tame plantations, and the smoke and chimneys of Galashiels. The house was 'vastly interesting. One seemed to get near to Scott. It is very pathetic to think of the old fellow at the end, broken down and dispirited, coining blood into gold, and all because he had been a fool about money. It was a sad chastisement in kind. He spent £120,000 on Abbotsford!' Benson criticizes some details, but says 'it ends by being a stately house all the same. And a spirit over it all which is high and simple and beautiful.'

Benson loved his mother's Sussex home at Tremans. 'I have *never* seen a more captivating place,' Mr. Lubbock says; indeed, with its mellow ripeness and redness, its well-worn dignity, the rambling inconsequence of its panelled rooms, the sweetness of its garden, from the great yew-hedge by the lane to the pigeon-cote by the farm, Tremans had a spell that could be resisted by none who passed that way. In June 1905 Arthur was there with his younger brother Hugh—Father Benson. 'He is a strange nature. He is entirely unworldly; hates cruelty, rudeness, lack of consideration above everything. Yet he is himself, in a way,

very inconsiderate. Table and ledge, all over this house, are heaped with books he has torn out of shelves and thrown down. The litter in the little smoking-room is fearful. . . . He has all the charm, the *bonhomie*, the attractiveness, the hardness, of the artistic nature.'

On July 25, 1903, Lord Esher asked Benson to join him in editing Queen Victoria's letters. He was crushed with his work at Eton, and gladly fell in with the suggestion, though it proved a painful wrench to give up his mastership. He took possession of his house at Cambridge, the Old Granary, but had to spend much time within reach of Windsor Castle examining the vast collection of papers in the Round Tower.

His old friend, Stuart Donaldson, now became Master of Magdalene, and a fellowship there was offered to Benson. He was much exercised about the head-mastership of Eton, but declined to become a candidate, though he would probably have accepted the great position had it been pressed upon him. He was out of sympathy with the methods of training there, and was relieved when his friend Edward Lyttelton became head master. Magdalene was now weaving its spell about him. He took rooms in the college, and gave himself up to promote its prosperity, with the happiest results.

He was not impressed by the Blake exhibition of 1906, though he admitted there was some imagination and much quaintness in the 'little funny drawings.' To 'make him out as a kind of supreme painter and poet is simply ridiculous.' Keats was a prime favourite. He found himself in a strange excitement of mind when he drew near to him in any book. 'It horrifies me to read of the poky and vulgar people he lived among; and he himself was so *fine* through all—so fine, even in indolence and misfortune—so manly, in his own way, though tempted by luxuriousness of nature—looking through the mist with so clear and high a gaze.' It was an old love. Ten years before, he had written, 'I

can't get the thought of Keats out of my head. I yearn after the *kind* of thought that filled his mind, because it seems to me—I say this without conceit—to be one of the few instances of the expression of a man's poetical and artistic faith that I meet with in literature that I feel to beat every moment stronger, fiercer, deeper, more intense than my own. To this he added the supreme art of expression; and I dare say there are hundreds of poetical and artistic persons who *have* felt much more strongly than I—I can only say I don't find their confessions in literature anywhere—and I would give a great deal for so frank a confession as Keats's Letters give.'

Things were prosperous with Benson. His income for 1906 was well over £3,000. It seemed as if Providence wanted to show him that he did right in keeping clear of Eton by loading him with little successes. In 1910 his income was £3,660. He spent £2,100 of this—how he could not imagine—invested about £700, and gave about £800 in decorating Magdalene in various ways.

His property, apart from teaching and writing, brought in about £1,700. 'One ought not to need more, but I want to have a lot to give away.'

In 1910 he took possession of the Old Lodge at Magdalene, which was his home till the day of his death. The 'stately little mansion' greatly pleased him, and he proceeded to embellish and enlarge it. He took a lively interest in every detail of its decoration, and filled all the available space with a singular display of personal relics of every kind. He sat in his crowded and book-lined little study in an arm-chair near the window, with a writing-board on his knees, hurling his letters, as he finished them, into the post-tray by his side. That was the way he generally spent his morning. More than once he got a secretary to deal with his multifarious correspondence, but he liked the use of his own hand too well to be content with secretaries, and wherever he went he carried the chain of letter-writing with him. 'He

would never admit that he hugged it with enjoyment, but that was the fact.'

In October 1907 he had a delightful visit to Brantwood. Mrs. Severn took him everywhere. 'I saw Ruskin's study, with the chair and the round window looking out over the lake, where he sate, his writing-table, his presses, and book-cases of mahogany—the things all solid and not a bit artistic. Here was the Richmond portrait, and a very little, most interesting water-colour of himself. I took down many of his MSS.—and she showed me a book in which he collected Greek mottoes for the days of the year. I found on my own birthday the motto, *ἰὼν γὰρ καὶ πορευθῶ* (from the Septuagint, Ps. xxiii. 4: "Yea, though I walk"). I don't recognize it—but it had a very beautiful significance for me in my present mood, like a word out of a wise and fatherly heart, bidding me journey on. Then to the drawing-room, with some fine drawings of his own. Then upstairs to his first bedroom, with the little octagonal turret, by which he could see the view all round, and then to the little plain room where he died—his mahogany bed, ugly white paper bookshelves, and the walls hung with priceless Turners, with the W. Hunt picture of grapes in the centre, and a funny sketch by Ruskin *père*. Mrs. Severn told me how he died, sitting up in bed; two days before he had been perfectly well. She cried a little as she told the tale. Then I strolled alone, through copses and lawns, and out on a grassy terrace with a noble view of the lake and the great cirque of mountains. I was glad to be alone. The whole place incredibly beautiful; the sun just touching the great flanks of the hill with gold. Ruskin lived here for the last twelve years without ever leaving it. It has been for me a very sacred and beautiful pilgrimage indeed, coming in this overshadowed time, and I shall long remember the house, and the hazy hills across the lake in the warm, soft, sunny afternoon. I rank to-day among the memorable days of my life; and I was glad that for the time being I was in

perceptive spirits, and was not over-troubled by my little miseries. I suppose I am better than I feel; but in this soft air I seem to be invincibly languid—*ἰὰν γὰρ καὶ πορευθῶ.*

Passages in the diary show that his faith in personal immortality was eclipsed. He desired to get at the meaning of life, but says, 'I think I am an almost pure agnostic, though I believe in Christian principles; what vexes me most is to see people holding on to stupid, unimportant fancies and beliefs, because they have been handed down.' But he did not neglect his services. He went with his close friend Gosse to Sherborne Abbey in 1912. There was a big congregation, but no sermon. 'Gosse began by being bored, but found a Bible and read Job with entire absorption, a model of holiness and devotion, with the book held to his eyes. As we walked back afterwards he expressed surprise that the Book of Job should ever have been thought an old book—so modern, so rationalistic, so philosophical; it is the biblical Plato.'

Benson had no love-affair of his own, but when he read the Browning Letters in 1906 there went moving through his thoughts 'like a strain of music the memory of the love of Browning and his wife. The letters are marvellous—so gasping, so incoherent, so affectedly depreciatory—yet they set the heart aglow, because the real thing is there, the love "because I am I, and you are you." It is a thing which many people feel, very few can express. Of course, it is all transcendentalized and intellectualized in these letters—but that is the central flame. What would I not give, I thought, for such a love! How have I missed it? I suppose the answer is that I have had my share, and more than my share, of fine things—and I have somehow missed my way among them.' He was not without regrets. In June 1912 he met a lady of whom he writes, 'This clean fresh pretty lively modest girl would be a delightful partner—and yet one is kept off it by stupid moods and fastidiousnesses.'

We get glimpses of friends, young and old. In March



1914 he lunched with a big party at the Athenaeum. He sat by George Trevelyan, and found him quite delightful. Rupert Brooke dined with him on July 11, 1914, 'very handsome, but more mature after his travels. He has been in America and the South Sea Islands; he lived three months with a chief at Tahiti.' He had offered to help Quiller-Couch in English next term. Dr. Benson thought him 'simple, clever, and charming.' That story had its tragic close in the Great War. Another friendship closed on Mount Everest, where George Mallory died. Benson was greatly drawn to him in 1905 when Mallory came from Winchester as an exhibitor at Magdalene. 'A simpler, more ingenuous, more unaffected, more genuinely interested boy I never saw. He is to be under me, and I rejoice in the thought. He seemed full of admiration for all good things, and yet with no touch of priggishness.' He speaks of him in 1924 when he was absorbed in the League of Nations, as 'a bright and gallant figure, and has much personality.'

Queen Victoria's Letters absorbed much of Benson's attention for four years. In 1906 he writes: 'A great pleasure. A letter from John Morley, who, by H.M.'s command, has read over Volume I., complimenting us sincerely, generously, and gravely on the excellence of the work. A great relief and a deep pleasure.' He was able to send off the last proofs in August 1907.

In 1915 his friend Stuart Donaldson died, and Benson succeeded him as Master of Magdalene. That same year an American lady who was unknown to him, but loved his books, asked him to accept a considerable fortune, to be used for any purpose he preferred. At first he refused such a wonderful offer, but she and her family pressed it upon him, and at last he accepted it and was able greatly to enlarge his schemes for the benefit of the college. After nearly ten years of growing delight and influence, he died of pleurisy on June 16, 1925. 'Magdalene,' says Mr. Lubbock, 'will always remember him as one of the most

devoted and generous of her benefactors, and all Cambridge will long miss the presence of so welcome and so rewarding a companion. His friends, far and wide, mourn the loss of a man who loved life, and who with unquenchable spirit enriched it for them all. The last word may be allowed to those who learned to know him when they were boys in his charge at school—who knew him infinitely kind, admirably wise, inspiringly great.' That is a lofty tribute, and there are multitudes of readers all over the world to whom he has opened many closed doors and introduced them to friends whom it will be a lifelong joy to know.

It is pleasant to find that literary work was his own chief delight. He says in his diary for June 29, 1915, 'Writing is my business, not administration, or teaching. I don't do it very well, but it's the one thing in life for which it seems worth while making arrangements and even making sacrifices. It's the *congenial* thing. I tend more and more to group my life round it; and all the other things are simply distractions or contrasts or reliefs. This applies to all my college work and administrative work. The truth is that writing is a *passion*, and it is worth while sacrificing everything else to it. It's a hard mistress in some ways, and it gets me into rows; but it is more and more clear to me that it is my real life, through which I see and view everything else—even friendship, even death.'

JOHN TELFORD.

# Notes and Discussions

## THE MEANING OF 'THE KINGDOM'

It may be said with truth that 'the Kingdom of God' was the subject that summarized our Lord's teaching from beginning to end, and also that it was what He was engaged in establishing. Therefore no pains should be spared to attain as clear an idea as possible of what our Lord meant by the Kingdom of God.

It was a phrase that had always had a meaning for the Jew. It had in the prophets of the Old Testament the memories of, and yearnings for, the extended earthly kingdom of David, some day (so they thought) to be won back. It had developed in the apocalyptic writers into more or less general ideas of a blessed life under the rule of God, not on this earth, but in an eternal Kingdom after the Resurrection, to be preceded, as some taught, by a millennium of peace on earth. As the idea of *the individual* had developed as something distinct from the community to which he belonged, thought had been compelled to recognize distinctions between good and bad Jews, and to consider whether good Gentiles would not be eligible for the Jewish heaven. Some writers had decided one way and some another. And indeed throughout the two hundred years preceding the birth of Christ there had been a great variety of ideas on the subject of the time, method, and limits of the future Kingdom.

There seems little doubt that people around our Lord had also very varied ideas. As can be seen from the *Assumption of Moses*, the idea of a sudden catastrophe and wind-up of the existing order was current, and was, no doubt, associated with the appearance of John the Baptist. Others, and those in official Sadducean circles, thought of the coming Kingdom as a gradual spreading of obedience to the Jewish law. But, no doubt, the great mass associated all ideas of a coming Kingdom with escape from the hated Roman yoke through war and blood. There were others, no doubt, like Simeon and Anna, who were trustfully waiting for God's prophecies to be fulfilled in any way He would.

Our Lord proclaimed the Kingdom near; it was His watchword at every stage of His ministry. At the Last Supper He said, 'I will no more drink of the fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new with you in the Kingdom of God.' What did He mean by the Kingdom? We can say definitely that He did not mean any organization of an earthly character: to suppose that, was the constant temptation, as it was indeed symbolized in one of the spiritual conflicts in the wilderness. There were zealous revolutionists ready to make use of His popular leadership for their purposes—but when such came to take Him by force and crown Him, He went

away and hid Himself. In grasping at temporal power, and taking her place among the world's princes, the Church fell into the snare that her Lord avoided.

A keen controversy began some fifteen years ago on our Lord's idea of the Kingdom. A great effort was put forth to show that Christ's references were to be taken eschatologically—that, having died upon the cross, He would be raised up, to return on the clouds of heaven to judge the world and establish the Kingdom. Its arguments were very specious: all our Lord's eschatological sayings were to be taken literally and crudely, whereas all His teaching that seemed to point to a long period for the expansion of the Kingdom, and the acceptance of His ideas, was either called 'the ethic of the interim' or discredited from being an integral part of the earliest gospel record; it was really the gloss of later times to account for the non-arrival of the Messiah of eschatology. The controversy it aroused no doubt did good. It has led to a clearer vision of our Lord's true teaching about His Kingdom, and a better placing of the really eschatological passages, those which certainly do appear at first sight to point to a speedy and triumphant reappearance.

Our Lord's teaching about the gradual, and often imperceptible, growth of the Kingdom was mostly given in the form of parable. The parables of the Kingdom, in their varying emphasis on different aspects, show what that Kingdom is. It is (1) the development of a condition of heart and mind in the individual, *a series of master impulses* entering and exercising influence, while they develop themselves. All the imagery of the parable of the Sower—symbolizing the inward power exercised by teaching and the appropriation of it, the different sort of acceptance, the conditions of success—how far it all is from any reference to an external system. Persons so indoctrinated will, of course, unite together and form a Church, but the Church is only the outward manifestation of the principles of the Kingdom individually appropriated. This is the realm of which Our Lord understands Himself to be the Founder. 'He that soweth the Good Seed is the Son of Man.' 'The Seed is the *Word*.' (2) It is a Kingdom which has to contend against, and submit to be thwarted by, opposing principles, as the parable of the wheat and tares explains. There is to be no sudden and just vindication of the teaching of the Son of Man until its full maturity has come—'The harvest is the end of the world.' (3) If the aspect is changed, and the Kingdom be regarded, not as an inward principle, but as an enclosing net, or as a banquet, it is only to emphasize the intense importance of the individual. The Kingdom may assume the appearance of an outward organization, but, as external and visible, it will contain both bad and good, and the bad will in the end be segregated in outer darkness. (4) The Kingdom will not exist for itself alone; it will influence the whole of life; it will resemble the leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened.

In all such descriptions we have the impression of something

inward, to be voluntarily accepted and incorporated into the individual life, that it may grow with it and control it. And we can understand, thinking of the parables, how Christ can say 'The Kingdom of God is within you.' It has no visible boundaries.

But the content of this inner state is obedience to God, and love to men. That makes it a social, corporate, united community. All have received the same Seed from the same Sower, and share the same loyalty to Him. Their common possession of the same Seed is the only possibility of there being a true Kingdom: it must reflect its King in all the facets of its life. So intimately, it seems to us, is the inward idea of the Kingdom bound up with our Lord's teaching that the opposing idea, that to Him the *Kingdom of God* meant a theocratic rule to be suddenly established by His speedy return from death, seems false and unnatural. The teaching about the gradual growth of the Kingdom belongs, too, to what is considered the oldest strata of gospel material, and, since St. John and St. Paul use terms like '*eternal life*' for the similar conception, it seems that it could hardly have been the gloss of a later age.

But still, even though we imagine our Lord's conception of the Kingdom to be spiritual, inward, developing through a long period of time, His *eschatological* sayings await explanation. Now let us remember (1) that Christ used the tongue and the images of common people, and that crude and material ideas of the coming Kingdom which they expected were rife among them from the popularity of the apocalyptic writings. Is it not possible that His use of their language in a figurative, and not a literal, sense may have been taken too literally, especially when He was apparently quoting from the Apocalypses? The Jews themselves, fond as they were of imagery and prophetic symbols, can scarcely have understood all the language of their apocalyptic writers literally. (2) The Gospel of St. John sweeps the eschatological away, and replaces it with the eternal life here and now entered upon; this is really in agreement with the idea of the Kingdom we have seen to have been uppermost in our Lord's teaching. Some of the eschatological language—notably that about the Kingdom of God coming with power in the time of those who stood around our Lord when He spoke—may very properly be considered to prophesy what actually did occur—the phenomenal spread of Christianity, and the extraordinary spiritual power of its first preachers, and of the Church of the first days.

To sum up, let us say that our Lord found Himself called to establish a Kingdom that had been ardently looked forward to ever since the great prophets spoke, which many thinkers had painted with every attribute of outward magnificence and power. He alone saw that it was to be universal, absorbing the Gentile as well as the Jew, embracing all mankind; He alone saw that it was to be inward and spiritual, the relationship of individual souls to God; He swept away (though the impetus of His natural humanity went against it) all idea of connecting that inward connexion with outward things. And yet He saw that the members so united to

God must be united to one another. And so the idea of the outward Kingdom was merged in that of a great Brotherhood of *Love* ('all ye are brethren'), and the Kingdom was identical with the Family of God the Father. As the Church grew it forgot that it was the Kingdom only in so far as its members had the inward link of loyalty to God. It became in the course of history an outward organization, dowered with all the magnificence that Christ rejected, the crown on its brow, the sword in its hand. It forgot that nothing outward could ultimately be the essential of the Kingdom, and that the Church itself could never be the complete Kingdom, but only the patient and obedient instrument of its gradual and slow establishment.

We see the new era begun in the person of Christ Jesus. We see it established in a brotherhood, one because its members are united to one Lord by one Spirit. We see the tares growing among the wheat, and making it appear outwardly what it is not. We see its true members looking forward to its consummation in a heavenly world. We have to realize its essential inwardness even now, and that all here that represents it outwardly is but as a tool for its establishment, a vestibule to its glory. When we pray: 'Thy Kingdom come,' we pray not so much for its outward expansion as for the intensifying of the inward, without which outward expansion is valueless.

W. J. FERRAR.

### FELLOWSHIP IN THE EARLY CHURCH

CHRISTIAN fellowship began when our Lord appointed twelve men that they might 'be with Him.' One reason for the appointment was that He needed those whom He could prepare to be His witnesses in the world after He was gone. But for quite another reason He needed them just as much. He had a 'genius for friendship,' Dr. Glover says, and He felt, as in some measure we all feel, the value of the support and understanding, the stimulus and response of other personalities. In the early days the crowds attended His ministry, but out of the crowds there were a few who came into closer touch with Him, and there was a still more limited number who formed the inner circle and were appointed by Jesus that they might 'be with Him.' At first apparently these twelve were simply His occasional companions as He went about His ministry; presently the association became more regular and uninterrupted. Jesus used every means of cultivating and promoting their friendship. You find Him taking them to a kind of retreat far up in the north of Palestine at Caesarea Philippi, where He searched their minds to discover the results of His teaching, and as the outcome of their conversations Peter made the great confession 'Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God.' Repeatedly He takes them aside from the multitudes and they talk over questions suggested by His parables. In the Upper Room they share together all the sacred, hallowing impressions of the Last Supper. Jesus revealed Himself to these



men without reserve. He listened to their questions and reasons and answers. He encouraged them to state their difficulties and to think things out. He told them His secrets, explained His purposes, unfolded His ideals. At the end He could say to them, 'I have called you friends, for all the things I have heard of My Father I have declared unto you.' The reception, we may be sure, was not all on their side. Jesus gave to them amazing spiritual wealth, but He also received. These men made their contribution to His life, helped Him to live and to think and to face the ordeal of death. If we did not read that suggestion between the lines in many places, we should be sure of it for the simple reason that in the great moments of His life, e.g. on the Mount of Transfiguration and in the Garden of Gethsemane, He wanted them to be with Him, for His sake as well as for theirs; and on the last night He spoke to them words which always seem big with gratitude, 'Ye are they who have continued with Me in My temptations.' So the gospel began in fellowship, and it seems to be of the essence of Christianity. John Wesley says in his early manhood he met a serious man who said to him, 'Sir, you wish to serve God and go to heaven. Remember you cannot serve Him alone. You must either find companions or make them. The Bible knows nothing of solitary religion.' The serious man was right. The New Testament certainly knows nothing of solitary religion. An isolated Christian is a contradiction in terms. Even Jesus needed a fellowship, and brought one into being that became central in His life.

The very genius of Christianity, therefore, demands the practice of fellowship. St. Augustine said, 'One loving soul sets another on fire.' In the Early Church this mutual giving and receiving, this comradeship of personality, this sharing of the needs and desires of a common spiritual humanity was instinctive. One of the pictures that remains in the mind from a careful reading of the early chapters of the Acts is that of the extreme simplicity and naturalness of the meetings of the early Christians. The disciples and converts met together in private houses or in guest-rooms—where such were available—to exhort and inspire one another in the faith. It was natural that they should desire to see each other frequently and go over the grounds of their experience and belief. Hence they met in simple fellowship, with no formalities of a hard and fast type. They sang their simple hymns of praise to God; they engaged in free and spontaneous prayer; there was testimony—the personal witness of people who had been touched by God's Spirit—and there was reading of the Word. Preaching and teaching were not central in their worship. It is significant that practically all the discourses reported in the early chapters of the Acts are addressed to the unconverted. For the confessed followers of Jesus the main thing was fellowship one with another, leading to mystical union with their Lord. Thus the spirit of oneness in the Church deepened, and the members were drawn together in a common life as well as a common worship.

Probably the Lord's Supper at first had the same simple character and purpose. It was known as 'the breaking of bread,' and apparently it was observed at the close of a common meal where the followers of Jesus had gathered in fellowship. As the meal finished, the bread and wine upon the table were taken as symbols of the sacrifice of Jesus. They offered a prayer of thanksgiving, and then in silence took the bread and wine in remembrance of their Lord and as a token and pledge of their covenant with one another and with Him. Their fellowship in Jesus was the main idea, and the suggestion, often made to-day, that from the first the symbols used were regarded as having real and vital affinity with the body and blood of Jesus is out of keeping with the simplicity of what is recorded. It was simply a means, on the one hand, of recognizing and enjoying the fellowship which had become so central in their lives, while, on the other hand, it was a means of giving that fellowship expression. The Church to-day is weak in proportion to its lack of this primitive spirit. For it was the things connected with the expression of the *κοινωνία* that impressed the multitude. And it was impressive. What Charles Wesley calls their 'mystic fellowship of love' was so real that they pooled not only their spiritual resources, but their material resources as well. 'They were together'; 'they had all things common'; 'no one said that any of the things he possessed was his own'; 'there was no one in want among them'; 'distribution was made to every one according as he had need.' That is to say, the Early Church realized for a time a society where 'the new law of love was actually kept.' Dr. Vernon Bartlett says, 'Once baptized, the Christian found himself a full member of a brotherhood, the intimacy of whose fellowship far surpassed anything he had ever dreamed. Its atmosphere was love; its watchword community of interest. Hence a strange exultation of spirit, the guerdon of love. All human relations were transfigured, raised to a new power of dignity and sweetness.' In this way the Infant Church went on increasing, 'the Lord adding to them daily those that were being saved.'

Fellowship, therefore, shows itself to be a vital characteristic of the Christian life. Jesus Himself needed it and created it. There is a sense, indeed, in which God needs fellowship. Surely that is the great truth which lies at the heart of the doctrine of the Trinity. The idea of God as a solitary Person until He formed man to be the object of His love is quite unthinkable. Such a God could not be described as Love unless we allow there was some one to be loved; neither could He be good, since the test of goodness is relation to others. The Christian doctrine of the Trinity, therefore, shows us the existence of fellowship, love bestowed and responded to, within the Divine Life. And if fellowship is a necessity to God, how much more to man in his endeavour to become like God. Our incompleteness cries out for the response and contribution of other souls, and only as we thus give and receive do we realize our true relationship to God in Christ.

WILLIAM SLADER.

## A GREAT BISHOP OF LONDON

EDMUND GIBSON died on September 6, 1748, at the age of seventy-nine. He had held the see of London from 1728, and had been the outstanding and most influential leader of the Church of England, in close association with Lord Townshend and Sir Robert Walpole, whose adviser he was in all matters of ecclesiastical policy and episcopal appointments. That makes it strange that no biography of him was undertaken until Dr. Norman Sykes, Lecturer in History at King's College, London, was advised in 1920 by Dr. Major, Principal of Ripon's Hall, Oxford, to make a study of certain manuscripts in the possession of Major-General Dalton. Many difficulties presented themselves, but at last we have this biography, published by the Oxford University Press (21s. net). The importance of Gibson 'was not primarily as a bishop of the Church, but rather in his efforts to bind the clergy by ties of material interest to the cause of the Hanoverian dynasty, and to create a Church-Whig alliance to replace the tradition of loyalty to the Stuart line which had involved the Church in difficulties when James II was expelled from England.'

Gibson was born at High Knipe, in the parish of Bampton, in Westmorland, where his family had probably resided since the days of Henry VIII. His uncle, Dr. Thomas Gibson, was eminent in the medical world, and married a daughter of Richard Cromwell, the Protector. The future bishop went from Bampton Grammar School to Queen's College, Oxford, where he was servitor to the Provost, and had Addison as a fellow student. His independence of spirit and sobriety of judgement saved him from joining the Non-Jurors, though he had for a time been in danger of allying himself with them, and the party could never forgive what they regarded as his desertion. He made his early reputation through his *Anglo-Saxon* studies. In 1692 he issued a new edition of the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, and three years later an edition of Camden's *Britannia*. He had come to London to undertake the latter task, and had been generously entertained by his uncle, Dr. Thomas Gibson, whilst he was busy upon it. He was registered as a student at the Middle Temple in May 1694, but in November he told a friend that 'Divinity called him, and he resolved to follow.' He was ordained deacon on May 19, 1695, and in the following May became librarian to Archbishop Tenison at a salary of £20 per annum. He was now a member of the Primate's household, and in August became a Fellow of his college. On May 30, 1697, he took priest's orders, and was appointed morning preacher in Lambeth Parish Church. In 1698 the Archbishop made him one of his domestic chaplains. During the Convocation controversy he searched through the precedents of centuries to refute the arguments which Atterbury brought forward in support of the claims of the Lower House. He thus forged in private the weapons which the Primate used inside the house of Convocation. In 1700 he was made Rector of Stisted, in Essex; in June 1703 Precentor and Canon of Chichester; in November 1708 Rector of

Lambeth, which was worth £300-£400 a year; in 1705 Lecturer of St. Martins-in-the-Fields. He prepared for his Lambeth flock a short tract entitled *Family Devotion*, and a manual, *The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper explain'd*. His later connexion, as Bishop of London, with the Plantations gave these tracts a wide circulation among the colonists. A minister in Antigua told him they had produced an extraordinary effect upon his congregation, and 'particularly the little tract upon the Sacrament had greatly added to the number of his communicants.' These tracts, his sermons, and the organization of a Religious Society at Lambeth showed his zeal as rector, and he resided at Chichester every year from Midsummer to Michaelmas.

In July 1704 he married the daughter of the Rev. John Jones, Rector of Selattyn, in Shropshire, and had seven sons and four daughters. In 1713 his great *Codex Juris Ecclesiastici Anglicani* appeared in two folio volumes, dedicated to Tenison. It was a comprehensive scheme of the legal duties and rights of the clergy, which won him warm expressions of appreciation and gratitude.

In 1716 he followed Dr. Wake as Bishop of Lincoln, and was allowed to hold his preferments at Lambeth and Chichester till November 1717 in order to cover the expense of his removal to Lincoln. His diocese was the largest in England, with 1,312 parishes. His health had suffered from his labours at Lambeth, but he carried out the triennial Visitations, and separated the confirmations from them in order to bestow more time and attention on the candidates. Beaconsfield, Wendover, and Wycombe each produced about 700 candidates, but the bishop gradually arranged that he should only have 400 or thereabouts, and by this means was able 'to go on from district to district at the rate of 400 a day.' During his six years at Lincoln he held 60 ordinations, at which he ordained 214 deacons and 285 priests. He strongly advocated the appointment of suffragan bishops, though he was never able to carry his plan into effect. The work of his diocese was absorbing, but his credit was steadily rising with the leading men both of Church and State. Archbishop Wake greatly valued his advice, and the soundness of his political principles commended him strongly to the favour of the Whigs. His appointment as Dean of the Chapels in 1721 brought him into close connexion with the royal household, and in 1723 he was enthroned as Bishop of London and made a member of the Privy Council. Lord Townshend sought his advice as to the best appointments for vacant sees, and, in consequence of his favour with the Government, he eclipsed the two Archbishops. He felt keenly the invidiousness of his position, and strove hard to release himself from the burdens which his friends had put upon him, but Wake had suffered a strange eclipse. At Lincoln he was recognized as one of the most eminent and successful churchmen of the century; at Lambeth he became increasingly insignificant. Gibson was thus compelled to bear the burden. He sought in all episcopal appointments to promote loyalty to the Hanoverian settlement, and advocated measures which might

promote the same feeling among the clergy. He stood out bravely against proposals to promote Latitudinarian clergy, such as Bishop Hoadly and Dr. Samuel Clarke, although Queen Caroline and her confidante, Mrs. Clayton, Viscountess Sundon, were eager to push the fortunes of these friends. Gibson earned the title of 'Walpole's Pope,' and their firm and intimate alliance was unruffled till Gibson's action in opposing the Quakers' Tithe Bill in 1736 led to a final breach between them. Walpole had intended to offer him the Archbishopric in succession to Wake in 1737, though Gibson would probably have declined it, as he did in 1747, when Potter died. Both in Potter's time, however, and in that of Herrick, Gibson was the man to whom statesmen turned for support and counsel.

Dr. Sykes gives a full account of his relations with the Wesleys and Whitefield. The bishop, who was a zealous supporter of the S.P.G., the Religious Societies, and the Charity Schools, was in many respects a congenial spirit to the Wesleys. He listened to John Wesley's account of perfection, and told him, 'If this be all you mean, publish it to all the world. If any one, then, can confute what you say, he may have free leave.' That was in 1740. He was in touch with them when they were at work at West Street and in Spitalfields, and when the churchwardens of St. Bartholomew's complained that their rector invited Mr. Wesley to preach there, Dr. Gibson replied, 'And what would you have me do? I have no right to hinder him. Mr. Wesley is a clergyman, regularly ordained, and under no ecclesiastical censure.' Later events made him show 'bitter antipathy' to the movement. Dr. Sykes wishes that 'a spirit of greater charity had inspired his last public utterances against the Methodists.' But Wesley's reply to the bishop's Charge of 1747 'produced a profound impression. It had a great effect on the bishop, and "a vulgar report got abroad that the Bishop of London had turned Methodist."'.

Dr. Sykes's chapter on 'The Religious and Moral Condition of the Nation' points out as its particular vices 'a shameless immorality in sexual relations, drunkenness, profanity, and excessive gaming.' Gibson made a fearless protest against the noxious 'masquerades which George I patronized, and was a staunch supporter of the motives and methods of the Societies for the Reformation of Manners. In this way, and by rebuking the profligacy of the Court and censuring the example it gave to the people, he 'did his utmost to combat the pernicious influences at work in the nation and to preserve both individuals and Society from the dangers of moral degeneracy and dissolution with which they were threatened.' Nor must we forget the influence of his Pastoral Letters in defence of Christianity against the Deists. Thirty thousand copies of the first were printed, 27,000 of the second, 17,000 of the third. They were then put in a volume of which 3,000 copies were struck off. It is a noble record, and Dr. Sykes has told it in a way that will give the volume high rank in the history of the eighteenth century.

THE EDITOR.



# Recent Literature

## THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS

*Essays and Addresses on the Philosophy of Religion.* Second Series. By Baron F. von Hügel, LL.D., D.D. (Dent & Sons. 15s. net.)

THESE essays and addresses were written between 1904 and 1922, and have been dedicated by the editor to the members of the London Society for the Study of Religion, of which the Baron was one of the founders and to which he devoted so much loving care and thought. The editor thinks he would have attached most importance to that on 'Suffering and God,' which gives the chief recent views on the subject, sketches the history of the question in three of its main groups and stages, and closes with a comprehensive statement of the facts as the Baron understands them. It is a wonderfully lucid and impressive discussion, which leaves us in the presence of 'God—not a Sufferer, but indeed the Sympathizer, God Joy, the Ocean of Joy, our Home.' The two addresses on the facts and truths about God and the soul which are of most importance in the life of prayer are deeply spiritual and helpful. 'God is a stupendously rich Reality—the alone boundless Reality,' and we need him much more than He needs us. Many will find here a true aid to devotion. 'The Catholic Contribution to Religion' centres in 'the doctrine of, and the devotion to, Jesus Christ, truly present, God and man, Body and Soul, in the Holy Eucharist,' and forms 'the very heart of the Catholic worship.' The opening essay, on 'Official Authority and Living Religion,' was revised by Father Tyrrell, some of whose suggestions are incorporated in it. Such authority is only a part of the religious life, and a means of that life. It is 'directly Christian and divine, only in its germinal and most elementary features and functions'; and directly busy in 'bearing its share in helping on that ever-growing, ever-renewed experience and embodiment of those sacred realities from which Authority itself derives all its rights and duties, and of which it is but the consecrated, ceaseless servant.' 'The Place and Function of the Historical Element in Religion' is another important essay, whilst that on 'Certain Central Needs of Religion,' and the difficulties arising from Liberal movements in the Roman Catholic Church during the last forty years, has special claim to attention. Those recent movements have diminished the sense that the various religious bodies and Churches are of most diverse idiosyncrasies, strength and weakness, of very different stages of spirituality and experience, resourcefulness of help, degrees of truth, life, love, reality. 'And yet, if these



differences are facts, they should be remembered, should they not? Breadth of view and depth of thought make these essays most inspiring and helpful to all Christian thinkers.

*Reality: A New Correlation of Science and Religion.* By B. H. Streeter. (Macmillan & Co. 8s. 6d. net.)

The account which Canon Streeter gives, in his Introduction, of his own quest for Reality lends special interest to his work. He is seeking to guide others on a way which he has travelled himself. His book is an endeavour to discover Truth. The riddle set by life is answered 'in a Religion which has the quality of Vision and Power—the vision of truth and the power to overcome.' The simplest machine is the epitome and distillation of long, concentrated, conscious purpose linked with keen intelligence, and the universe itself cannot be the result of blind, unconscious force. The balance of probability is that Ultimate Reality is of the nature of Conscious Life. The chapter on 'The Christ' shows that 'if life instinct with love is the essence of Reality,' then Christ's relation to God is fitly expressed as 'of one substance with the Father.' 'The Representation and the Reality are of the same stuff.' The defeat of evil is sure if 'prayer and meditation centre always round the thought of the Love and Power of that infinite and all-pervading Spirit of whom Christ is the portrait.' It will then be 'possible to rise above the natural consequences of evil happenings, to make of suffering an opportunity, of loss a stepping-stone to gain, and to find in failure retrieved and pain conquered the secret of power.' The chapter on 'Religion and the New Psychology' is really helpful, and the whole argument of the book is so lucidly stated that it will be of great service to thoughtful men and women who are perplexed by the great questions that vitally concern us all.

*The Dominion of Man.* By E. Griffith-Jones, B.A., D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. 8s. 6d.)

The second volume of Dr. Griffith-Jones's work on *Providence: Divine and Human* expounds with much suggestive detail the place of man in the Providential Order. He first deals with the environment and equipment of man. Then he describes his arrival on the world scene from the darkness of prehistoric night, till the Light of the World unifies into one organic system the disparate contributions of Greek, Roman, and Jew, and lays the foundation in His teaching for the Kingdom of God. The third part looks into the future, taking a survey of man's unfinished work. It is gathered up into the Problems of Power, of Economics, of Internationalism, Birth Control, and closes with a chapter on the 'Future of Religion and the Religion of the Future.' These are stupendous themes, which need a master's exposition, but the treatment of them is so lucid, so reasonable, and so clearly

marshalled that we are carried along step by step to the climax of the work, where man bends all the powers with which Providence has dowered him to fit himself for his great and growing partnership with God in realizing that 'day-dream of Jesus, for the realization of which He came into the world.'

*The Parables: Their Background and Local Setting.* By N. Levinson. (T. & T. Clark. 7s.) This volume comes from a United Free Church minister who was brought up as a Jew within sight of Nazareth, and went to school in Jerusalem. He was thus familiar with the very places in which the parables were spoken, and has set himself to give first-hand information as to the parables and their historical background. He tells us that the 'intense hatred of Jesus which fills the heart of every pious Jew can better be imagined than described.' The Jew can be unscrupulously relentless, especially in his religion, and Jesus was made to drink the cup to its very dregs. The parable of the Soils—or, as we call it, the Sower—is illustrated by the nature of the ground on the north-east of the Lake of Galilee. 'In the same field may be found a deep, rich soil, a gravel soil, and bare rocky patches.' Many fresh lights are shed on the surroundings of Jesus. 'No type of working man comes more into contact with the various phases of human activities, be it in the home, shop, or field, than does the Eastern carpenter.' At Nazareth Jesus would have to supply material for the various stages of the farmers' work to a much greater extent than is now the case in the West. Whatever books on the parables a preacher may have, this deserves a place beside them.

Professor Dawson-Walker, of Durham, has written the new volume of the Religious Tract Society's Devotional Commentary. It includes 2 Peter; 2 and 3 John; Jude (3s. 6d. net). Dr. Walker holds that 2 Peter is not by St. Peter, and that it is dependent on Jude. The grounds for this judgement are briefly but clearly put, and the devotional aspect of the Epistles is brought out in a very impressive way. The two little Epistles of St. John furnish many unsolved problems, but they throw an interesting light on Church life in Asia Minor, and the exposition will be found of great interest.

*Prayer: Some Facts and Fallacies*, by the Rev. F. H. Braham (2s.); *Christ and Money*, by Hugh Martin, M.A. (3s.); *The Philosophy of Confucius*, by C. Y. Hsu (1s. 6d.). (Student Christian Movement.) The Chaplain of Wadham College, in his very helpful work on *Prayer*, clears away prejudices and misunderstandings, faces the more intellectual type of difficulty, and supplies practical guidance as to various types of devotion. It is a thoughtful study of the subject, and will be greatly prized.—In *Christ and Money*, Mr. Martin takes the position that a man's religion is vain if it does not affect his use of money. The fundamental issues are freed and the teaching of Jesus is clearly brought out. The closing chapter applies the general

principles laid down to the details of individual expenditure. This part of the book will attract attention from those who feel the responsibility of stewardship, and it is both sane and suggestive.—We are glad to have a Chinaman's estimate of *The Philosophy of Confucius*. It gives the facts of his life and then examines his Moral Philosophy, Political Theory, Educational Principles, and Religious Ideas. To Confucius the immanent God is always the infinitely transcendent. Mr. Hsu says that his idea of God is more or less similar to that of Christianity, and, though he was not a religious founder, he paved the way for Christianity in China as Plato did in Greece. 'Thus the gulf between Confucian philosophy and Christian doctrine can easily be bridged if both are understood thoroughly and interpreted properly.'

*The Three Traditions in the Gospels.* By W. Lockton, B.D. (Longmans & Co. 7s. 6d. net.) The Vice-Principal of Winchester Training College argues with much force and ingenuity for the priority of St. Luke's Gospel, which he thinks is based on the Petrine tradition and on a second line which he traces to James, the brother of John. He gives the sequence as Luke, Mark, Matthew, and finds in it a continuous and frequently very striking development of tradition. He holds that Mark conflates Luke with material drawn from the Johannine tradition in the Fourth Gospel, and that Matthew continues the process of interpolation by inserting Luke's version of the saying about blasphemy against the Holy Ghost immediately after that drawn from Mark, thus producing a doublet in two successive verses (xii. 31-2). His ingenious and painstaking study gives St. James a place in the gospel tradition which is both novel and interesting, and places St. John's Gospel in quite a new relation to the Synoptists. We do not think his theory will be accepted by experts, but it is based on material drawn from the Gospels themselves, and it will make its readers compare the parallel passages with fresh zest and discrimination. The weakness of Mr. Lockton's position lies in the way it ignores the established connexion between Mark and Peter, and makes Luke his chief interpreter to the world.

The Student Christian Movement issues: *Adventurous Religion and other Essays*, by H. E. Fosdick, D.D. (6s.) The new generation needs a vital and dynamic faith, and that must centre in Jesus. 'The Master's spirit has not divided Christians, but insistence on official creeds and sacramental theories and ecclesiastical institutions concerned with Jesus has wrought the sorry work.' Dr. Fosdick thinks the one utter heresy in Christianity is to believe that we have reached finality and can settle down with a completed system. He holds that our Churches ought to welcome all who have faith enough to try the spiritual adventure of Christian living. What America most needs is 'real education and real religion—the two forces that approach life, not from without, but from within.' Our Lord's

belief in human personality has been called His most original contribution to human thought. Dr. Fosdick sees that the liberal movement in Christianity can never reach any hopeful conclusion till it quits its superciliousness about the Churches, and sets itself to build up out of them the Church that our generation needs.—Dr. Selbie's *Theology and the Modern Man* (1s. 6d.) makes it clear that there is no radical opposition between religion and science, and that religion is natural to man and necessary to his well-being. He discusses the Christian Idea of God, The Mystery of the Trinity, The Fact of Christ, Sin, Salvation, and Eternal Life. It is a great book in small compass. The divine power and glory of Christ are only discernible by those who enter into His secret, are saved by His power, and share His outlook and aims. The windows of the cathedral must be seen from within.—*The Indian Mystic*, by J. C. Winslow, M.A. (1s. 6d.), takes three words—Bhakti, or devotion; Sannyas, or renunciation; and Yoga, or discipline—and shows that, whilst India needs Christ, the Church and Christ need India and the light it may throw on the understanding and practice of the Christian life.—*The Cross of the Servant*. By H. Wheeler Robinson, M.A., D.D. (3s.) The Principal of Regent's Park College reaches the conclusion that the Servant of Deutero-Isaiah is primarily 'the nation Israel in its world-mission of making known the religion of Yahweh, and that the actual pursuit of this mission by the true servants of Yahweh within the nation involved suffering, with a vicarious and sacrificial value for the world's forgiveness.' That position is reached by a careful study of the Servant passages. The appropriation of the conception in the Gospels is brought out in an impressive way. 'We may see in the Servant of Yahweh the portrait, not only of Jesus of Nazareth, but of the Eternal God in His most salient attribute of covenantal and sacrificial suffering.'—*God and the Absolute*, by T. G. Dunning, Ph.D., deals with the problem of the mutual relations between religion and philosophy. The nature and uniqueness of religious experience are considered, and it is described as 'a unique relationship with the Absolute,' that is, 'With one who is named God.' Man's attitude towards God makes his misery or bliss. Religious life is the highest constituent of experience, and is most sovereign when it is the refining and sanctifying soul of all other experiences of man. Dr. Dunning's work will commend itself to thinkers as it has done to the Oriel Professor at Oxford.

*Q. Septimi Florentis Tertulliani de Oratione*. Edited by R. W. Muncey, M.A. (Robert Scott. 10s. 6d. net.) This is the earliest exposition of the Lord's Prayer that has come down to us, and was written about A.D. 200–6 in Tertullian's Catholic period, for the catechumens who needed instruction on the meaning and methods of prayer. After the exposition certain customs of the time are pointed out, rules for prayer are given, and the treatise closes with a moving description of the power and efficacy of prayer. Mr. Muncey gives the facts of Tertullian's life, a careful analysis of the

*De Oratione*, and full notes on the Latin text which are intended to meet the needs of theological students and those who are interested in 'the most difficult of all Latin prose writers.' 'Lead us not into temptation' he holds to mean that the Tempter is the Devil, whom God merely allows 'for certain reasons to tempt certain people.' The Lord's Prayer implies the full extent of Christian belief. The account of current customs is specially interesting. Some were careful to wash their hands before every prayer; some laid aside their cloaks. Tertullian says, 'Matters of this kind belong, not to religion, but to superstition.' He dwells on the propriety of not allowing a Christian brother to quit the house without joining in prayer. The edition is both scholarly and suggestive.—*St. Augustine: De Fide et Symbolo*. Edited by Harold Smith, D.D. (S.P.C.K. 2s. 6d.) This is No. 39 in the valuable 'Texts for Students.' Dr. Smith's Introduction gives a brief biographical sketch, and tells how the work originated in a sermon preached at Hippo when he was a presbyter. The creed is almost identical with the old Roman creed, and the quotations are from the 'Old Latin,' of which, in the New Testament, the Vulgate is a revision; in the Old Testament it is simply a translation of the Septuagint. Careful notes are conveniently placed at the foot of each page.—*Le 'De Ente et Essentia' de St. Thomas d'Aquin*. Par M.-D. Roland-Gosselin, O.P. (Le Saulchoir, Kain: Belgique.) The writer began his researches in view of a course at the Historic Institute of Thomist Studies in the College of Saulchoir in 1921. His object was to elucidate in some measure the formation of the philosophic thought of Aquinas. He set himself to produce a correct text by the aid of manuscripts in Parisian libraries, to identify all his quotations, to investigate the influences that he was under, and to explain his thought by parallel and contemporary passages of the Commentary on the two first books of the *Sentences*. He had studied all the works of St. Thomas, following the chronological order accepted by M. Mandonnet, the director of the series. The work is a series of notes and analyses which appeal to those who are interested in the genesis of the thought of St. Thomas. The authenticity of the work has never been questioned. It was probably written when he was teaching in Paris before 1254. The Introduction and notes show the learning that has been lavished on this exacting piece of work.

*Did Paul know of the Virgin Birth? An Historical Study*. By Richard J. Cooke, D.D. (Epworth Press. 5s. net.) Dr. Cooke's retirement from active service as a bishop has left him free to pursue this important subject. He maintains that 'St. Paul and other New Testament writers did have knowledge of the Virgin Birth of our Lord as recorded in the Gospels of Matthew and Luke.' Dr. Cooke thinks that, if ever she revealed the facts, Mary probably did so some time between Pentecost and the rise of the Judaizing party in Jerusalem. She lived with John after the Crucifixion, and Luke may have received the facts about the infancy which he records in



his Gospel from the mother of Jesus herself at the Council in Jerusalem about A.D. 41, if not earlier. Luke tells us that he narrates facts fully established in the Church, and that he had traced out the subject before he began to write his Gospel. Dr. Cooke deals with the chief objections to the narrative of the Virgin Birth at considerable length. He then discusses St. Paul's relation to the primitive Church in Jerusalem, and reaches the conclusion that he had full knowledge of the Virgin Birth, whatever the reasons may have been for his silence concerning it. Paul was a prudent teacher, and, had he referred to the Virgin Birth in his Epistles to Gentile converts, he might simply have added one more to the stories of miraculous births of which their former religion was full.—*Visions of the Spiritual World*, by Sadhu Sundar Singh (Macmillan & Co., 2s. 6d.), goes back fourteen years, to the time when the Sadhu's eyes were opened to the Heavenly Vision. He then seemed to have passed into the glory of heaven, but the visions have continued to enrich his life, usually when he has been praying or meditating, sometimes eight or ten times in a month. They represent death as like sleep, and describe the entrance of a child, a philosopher, a labourer, and a doubter into the spirit world. Loved ones who have gone attend death-beds, and conduct the soul to the spiritual world. It is a little book that many will read with beating hearts.—*The Old Testament and Modern Problems in Psychology*. By Major J. W. Povah, D.D. (Longmans & Co. 8s; cloth, 5s.) The tutorial secretary of the Church Tutorial Classes Association follows up his work on *The New Psychology and the Hebrew Prophets* by a wider survey of the peculiarities of biblical Hebrew as a 'tool to think with,' and such important subjects as Old Testament symbolism, the social principles inherent in Old Testament thinking, and the appeal of the prophetic teaching to the modern mind. The monotheism of the prophets stands or falls with their view of the ubiquity and inescapableness of the moral ideal, the essential goodness of the instincts, the view of history as purposive and adventurous, and of personality as permanently valuable. It is a book that will repay careful reading.—*The Study Bible*. Edited by John Stirling. (Cassell & Co. 3s. 6d. per volume.) The first four volumes of this unique Bible are on Genesis, Psalms, Luke, and Hebrews. The books slip easily into a pocket and are well printed, with maps as end papers, four full-page illustrations by T. Noyes Lewis, and an attractive jacket. The plan followed is to have an introductory section on the religious value of the book by such competent masters as Dr. Griffith-Jones, Dr. Maclean Watt, the Rev. F. W. Norwood, and Dean Inge. Then follow expository passages culled from the Christian thinkers of all ages which deal with the outstanding subjects of each book. The closing section is a critical study of the problems of the book by such scholars as Dr. A. C. Welch, Dr. M'Fadyen, Professor F. R. Barry, and Dr. Goudge. The series only needs to be known to take a place of honour in the devotional library. The editor has laid out his scheme with skill, and has secured the co-operation



of many of the finest biblical scholars of the day.—*The Inner Kingdom*. By Eva Gore-Booth. (Longmans & Co. 2s. 6d.) The writer holds that the loss of the psyche, or soul, at death 'does not correspond with any current doctrine of heaven and hell, or even purgatory. But it does correspond strangely with the idea of Re-incarnation as the fate of those who are still the children of this Life—not yet worthy to attain that Life, the Resurrection or rising up from the dead (Luke xx. 35).' The mystical explanation of the miracle at Cana is a feat of exposition which leaves us bewildered, but the writer often sets us thinking on new lines, though we cannot endorse her interpretations.—*The Eternal Spirit* (Hodder & Stoughton, 2s. 6d.) is an account of the Church Congress in Southport, written by Canon Raven at the request of the Bishop of Liverpool, who writes a Foreword to the volume. All the papers and addresses sought to bring into clearer light the operation of the Holy Spirit in every realm of human life. Canon Raven describes the purpose and programme of the Congress, the preparation in the diocese; then he gathers up the thought of the Congress on the Eternal Spirit in Nature and the Bible, the Spirit's way of working, and the Church's task of preparing the Spirit's way. It is an impressive survey, and one that will deepen and extend the influence of a memorable Congress.—Messrs. Morgan & Scott send us three volumes. *Under the Shadow*, by G. H. Lunn, M.A. (3s. 6d.), gives 'a simple form of worship for twenty-six Sundays.' Hymns, Scripture reading, and a short prayer are prefixed to each of the 'meditations,' which are deeply spiritual and helpful.—*The Prophet Daniel* and essays on Divine Pardon, Prayer, and The Footsteps of the Flock, by Constance L. Maynard (2s. net.), which are suggestive and instructive.—*Pioneering in Northern Rhodesia*, by E. M. Jakeman (2s.), gives a sketch of the mission at Mankoya. Teaching, preaching, medical work, are described in a way that arrests attention and brings home the claim of 20,000 people scattered over an area of 20,000 square miles. That is only a tiny corner in the great African world of darkness and need. The book has many illustrations and is full of interesting details.—*Hearts Aflame* (Allenson, 6s. net) is a volume of sermons and addresses by J. Woodside Robinson, B.A., which have been delivered in his Glasgow church. They deal with life, religion, and literature in a way that arrests attention and lifts the mind and heart to higher things.—*Resurrection, and other Essays on Man and his Eternal Destiny*. By H. T. Wills, M.A., B.Sc. (Elliot Stock). Mr. Wills argues that 'Life in Christ' is the clear teaching of the New Testament, and that the believer will only enter on his final blessedness at the resurrection of the body. He writes under deep conviction and keeps close to Scripture, but he does not carry conviction to our minds.

*The Galilean Accent*. By Arthur John Gossip, M.A. (T. & T. Clark. 7s. net.) By the publication of a previous volume—*From the Edge of the Crowd*—Mr. Gossip revealed himself as one of the foremost

preachers of our time ; and, if it were possible, by this volume he has enhanced an already great reputation. There is in these sermons the same intellectual distinction, the same quick sense of reality, the same luminous insight, the same moving persuasion, the same disturbing and inspiring challenge to the pursuit of the highest, as were so marked in the previous book. Mr. Gossip is a fine and quite original thinker, with a well-informed and well-disciplined mind, widely read, and with a rare capacity of noble and arrestive expression. He seems incapable of either hackneyed thought or expression. All the familiar quotations are absent ; those in which the book abounds are striking in their beauty, and show a most unusual range of reading. But the sermons have a far higher work than their intellectual value. There is a power of moral diagnosis, of probing evil things to their roots and to their inevitable issue, and a sureness of the redemptive love which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. Intensely modern as all the sermons are, they are everywhere loyal to the august realities of the Christian Redemption. In language of rare beauty but with incisive power he probes the conscience, shows us the things of which it makes us afraid, rebukes our miserable subterfuges, and by a charming winsomeness leads and lures us to those shining heights which it is our blessedness to attain. The spiritual energy of these sermons is remarkable, and here is a volume of which the pulpit of the generation may well be proud.

*Religion in the Making.* By Alfred N. Whitehead, F.R.S., Sc.D. (Cambridge University Press. 6s. net.) These Lowell Lectures demand much thought, but they will repay it. Professor Whitehead finds four factors in religion—ritual, emotion, belief, rationalization, and to these his first lecture is chiefly devoted. He holds that the two Catholic religions of civilization are Christianity and Buddhism, and that both have lost their ancient hold upon the world. Buddhism finds evil essential in the very nature of the world of physical and emotional experience ; its gospel is the method by which release can be obtained. Christianity starts, not with the elucidatory dogma as Buddhism does, but with the elucidatory facts of the life and teaching of Christ. The doctrine of the Logos in St. John's Gospel is 'a clear move towards the modification of the notion of the unequivocal personal unity of the Semitic God.' The last lecture is on 'Truth and Criticism'—God's limitation in His Goodness. 'The world lives by its incarnation of God in itself.' 'He is the binding element in the world,' not Himself the world, but its valuation. He confronts what is actual in the world with what is possible for it. There remain abstract forms, and 'creativity, with its shifting character ever determined afresh by its own creatures, and God, upon whose wisdom all forms of order depend.'

*Retreats : Their Value, Method, and Organization.* Edited by H. Schofield, B.A. (S.P.C.K. 3s. 6d. net.) Retreats have become such a feature of the Church life of to-day that this volume is sure of a welcome. The editor is Warden of a retreat house, and has been

able to secure prefaces from Dr. Kempthorne and Dr. Chavasse, with papers on the history of the movement in the Church of England, the Roman Catholic, and the Free Churches. Methods of conducting these quiet seasons for young people and adults, with prayers and a Retreat Litany, make this a practical guide of real value for that 'withdrawal in company' which brings so much spiritual invigoration to overcrowded lives.

The Abingdon Press publishes *The Interpreter's House*, by Charles Nelson Page (\$1), who says the real attraction was inside. Bunyan's pilgrim was taken into a room where he saw the man whose eyes were lifted up to heaven, whilst the best of books was in his hand, and the crown of glory was above his head. 'If the modern Church will convey these qualities to the passing pilgrim, he will pause to pray, and go on his way again with a new song in his heart.' Another essay is on 'The Modern Puritan.' The pioneers in New England 'brought furniture with which to make a home. One may see their Bibles, their psalters, and the work of theology upon which they fed their spiritual life. How much of that remains in America to-day?' Our religion needs their heroic note, their sense of individual responsibility to God. All the papers have a home-thrust like this.—Another book is *The Gospel of Opportunity*, by Charles E. Schofield (\$1.25), who describes his twelve sermons as 'Ventures in the interpretation of the gospel of Jesus.' Their character may be seen from the opening sermon on 'Human Possibilities.' It makes us look at some of the folk that Jesus believed were salvable. If we had had to choose the Twelve, should we have 'picked out a little group of rough-handed, leather-faced, hard-voiced fishermen for disciples,' or 'invited a hated, grafting, self-centred tax-collector like Matthew to be numbered among the twelve'? The sermons keep very close to the daily life of the hearers, and the titles set us thinking about 'Hearts that Hunger,' 'The Expanding Life,' 'The Gospel of New Opportunity,' and 'Second-hand Faith.' Such messages will bring new hope and courage to all who turn these pages.—Two volumes entitled *Learning to Live* also come from the Abingdon Press. One is for pupils (60 cents); the other is the teachers' manual (\$1). They set boys and girls thinking 'What would Jesus do?' and show them how to meet the problems of our daily life as He met His. The scholars are taught what Jesus did as a boy, a man, a leader, and the founder of the Christian religion, and they find there an example for themselves. The manual has questions, illustrations, and suggestions which should make every lesson a real influence for good on the children.

*Some Cruc Passages in the New Testament.* By R. F. T. Crook, M.A., T.C.D. (Epworth Press. 2s.) The Vice-Principal of Wesley College, Dublin, has interpreted eleven difficult passages in a way that will greatly interest students of the New Testament. They are both scholarly and ingenious, and there is much to be learned from them even where one fails to accept the interpretation.

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

*St. Francis of Assisi, 1226-1926 : Essays in Commemoration.* Edited by Walter Seton, M.A., D.Lit. (University of London Press. 16s. net.)

THE Franciscan celebrations of 1926 called forth many volumes of interest, but this set of essays crowns them all. Its Preface, by Professor Paul Sabatier, fittingly refers to the seventh anniversary of the arrival of the Franciscans at Canterbury in 1224. The little sister of St. Vincent and St. Paul expressed the feeling of all when she exclaimed as she stepped out from the Cathedral service : 'Certainement Saint François était là.' The first essay, by Professor Borenus, describes the first Franciscan subjects in Italian art in a way that lights up the eleven plates and the coloured frontispiece in the volume. Professor Burkitt's 'Study of the Sources' is one that adds dignity and value to the essays. He holds that the *Speculum Perfectionis* was compiled three generations after the death of St. Francis, not in the following year, and that the Legend of the Three Companions is later still. His reasons for differing from Sabatier are clearly given. Sabatier himself pays tribute to Professor Gardner's 'St. Francis and Dante,' which brings out the relations between the two men as only a master hand could do, and helps us to catch the Franciscan echoes in the *Paradiso*. Dr. Gardner also writes on the *Little Flowers* in a way that helps us to get to the chief riches of that alluring set of stories. A fine paper by Mr. H. E. Goad describes 'The Dilemma of St. Francis and the Two Traditions.' 'Shall I devote myself to prayer or go about preaching?' He sought advice from Brother Silvester and Sister Clare, who had no hesitation in telling him it was the divine will that he should go forth as the herald of Christ. The less attractive side of the times comes out in the pious fury of the relic-hunters, who looked on the saint's body as the most precious treasure in the world, and would have torn it limb from limb to distribute it in jewelled reliquaries. That made it necessary for Elias to build a strong shrine to save the body from these religious wolves. Mr. A. G. Little's 'First Hundred Years of the Franciscan School at Oxford' throws light on Grosseteste's lectures to the Friars at Oxford. The foremost teacher and the first Chancellor of the University resigned all his preferments save his prebend at Lincoln to do this service for the Brethren. The three most famous names among the Oxford Franciscans were Roger Bacon, Duns Scotus, and William of Ockham, whose Nominalism, enunciated in 'the Franciscan Convent at Oxford, spread to all Universities and dominated European thought for the next two centuries.' Dr. Pellizzi links Franciscan thought to modern philosophy, and holds that it ought to be a leading force in the field of

thought as well as in that of religious experience. Students will find much to clear up the succession of events in the last two years of the Poverello's life in Dr. Seton's essay; and the 'Rediscovery' of the saint is another valuable study from his pen which shows that from the tomb, reopened in 1818, he has come forth to preach to the whole world. Mrs. Strong's long residence in Rome gives special interest to her account of the visits of St. Francis to the city, and Evelyn Underhill contributes the closing essay on 'Two Franciscan Mystics.' It is a book that every lover of St. Francis will turn to with growing pleasure and with keen regret for Dr. Seton's loss.

*The Coming of the Friars Minor to England and Germany.*  
Translated by E. Gurney Salter, Litt.D. (Dent & Sons. 5s. net.)

The two chronicles which Miss Salter has translated from the critical texts of Professor A. R. Little and Dr. H. Boehmer are a first-hand picture of the coming of the Friars to this country and to Germany. Thomas of Eccleston studied at Oxford, and was in the London convent at the middle of the thirteenth century. He probably entered the Order half a dozen years after the death of St. Francis, and spent twenty-six in compiling his chronicle, which was finished about 1258. 'He retails gossip, visions, and anecdotes with naïve eagerness, and dwells on anything that glorifies the English province.' Dr. Little says one of its most striking features is the union it exhibits of love of poverty and love of learning among the English Brethren. The stories of Grosseteste are of particular interest, and we follow every stage of the progress of the Order in England in a way that no other record allows us to do. Brother Jordan's chronicle is not so vivid, but he was received into the Order by St. Francis himself, and was at the famous Chapter of Mats, held at the Portiuncula at Whitsuntide 1221. His curiosity about the Brethren who were to undertake the dangerous mission to Germany led to his being unwillingly included in their number, and he gives a moving picture of their privations and the way that they carried out their mission. Miss Salter has edited the chronicles with great care and skill, and no student of the Franciscan movement can afford to overlook her volume.

*The Saint-Simonian Religion in Germany: A Study of the Young German Movement.* By E. M. Butler.  
(Cambridge University Press. 21s. net.)

Saint-Simon died in 1825, after an eventful career, during which he fought in the American War of Independence, and became a patron of men of science and a financial speculator who reduced himself to extreme poverty, and had to live on the bounty of one who had been a valet. Miss Butler first describes his plans for the reconstruction of society. He differed from other social reformers of his age in



invoking the aid of religion that his dreams might come true, and then set himself to manufacture the new religion which was to redeem the world. The exposition of his doctrine by Bazard, which covered two years, brought the school into public notice. Germany was well informed as to the movement, but its attack on property aroused angry alarm; its pantheism was denounced; and its 'rehabilitation of the flesh,' with all that it involved, was regarded with horror and disgust. When Heine went to Paris in 1831 he entered into personal relations with the Saint-Simonians, and their influence on his life and thought was far greater than his biographers and critics have understood. He hailed it with rapture, but later experience made him regard it as an illusory ideal. 'Clinging desperately to the belief in a personal God, he left the ship to its fate and died' on the raft he had hastily constructed from the wreckage of his former ideals. The influence of Saint-Simonism on Heinrich Laube, Gutzkow, Mundt, and Wienburg is also described with much significant detail. The Young German School of Saint-Simonism has been saved from oblivion by its association with Heine. 'He lifts the whole school into a prominence which it could not attain alone. It will be remembered by the power of his genius until the world is so much and so sadly changed that men will no longer listen to his music, respond to the appeal of his sorrow, and delight in his merciless wit.' Professor J. G. Robertson drew Miss Butler's attention to the possibilities latent in this subject, and her book has a vividness and a spice of humour which make its research and learning very agreeable, even to those who have no drawing towards Saint-Simon or his followers.

*The Story of Methodism.* By Halford E. Lucock and Paul Hutchinson. With Illustrations by Harold Speakman. (Methodist Book Concern. \$4).

This is a sparkling history. The great events and leading figures in Methodism during Wesley's life and in the years that have followed are sketched in a way that not only arrests attention, but helps a reader to understand the indomitable zeal and the fearless courage which mark the story for nearly two centuries. There are a few mistakes in the earlier pages, but these can easily be set right in a later edition. The important fact is that the book is alive from first to last, and that it will make the workers of to-day gird up their loins for new enterprise and inspire them with fresh hope for the conversion of the world. The beginnings of Methodism are well described, and we see how Wesley formed his new army 'of Captains Courageous' with which he 'conquered and transformed England.' Asbury followed the same lines in America. The early itinerancy 'was as merciless a calling as ever challenged brave men. We have spoken of mobs, of jails, of long rides through the rain, of nights in the open, of days in the malaria-soaked swamps of the new frontier. "How did they ever stand it?" someone asks. The answer is that



they didn't stand it. They died under it.' But if the preachers died, the work lived and grew. The workers on the mission field were as dauntless as those at home, and their successes in India, China, Japan, South America, and Europe make an inspiring record. Coke's appearance in the Methodist movement is justly described as 'one of its outstanding providences.' He was 'a providentially equipped "Prime Minister" for the hour of world expansion which had arrived in the Methodist movement. He was the first world traveller of Methodism, and brought into its consciousness its first vivid sense of world mission and responsibility.' We are glad to see such honour paid to the third figure in the great trio—Wesley, Asbury, Coke. The book is a piece of work that will bear fruit. Its later pages are largely the story of American Methodism and its missionary service, but where it deals with Methodism on this side of the Atlantic it is well informed and impressive. The illustrations are very happy and often very amusing.

*Frank, Bishop of Zanzibar.* By H. Maynard Smith, D.D.  
(S.P.C.K. 7s. 6d. net.)

Canon Smith knew Frank Weston intimately for more than thirty years, and the fact that he is 'by nature more of a critic than a hero-worshipper' adds to the value of this biography. He received his clerical training in the Oxford Mission at Stratford-le-Bow and St. Matthew's, Westminster, and in 1898 went out to Zanzibar, where he became principal of the school for boys at Kiungani, and ten years later was consecrated bishop. Kikuyu made him known all over the world. His *Open Letter* was meant to startle English Churchmen, and it accomplished its purpose. Dr. Henson expressed the opinion of many when he said that he had 'all a fanatic's sincerity and all a fanatic's injustice, but was by nature entirely lovable.' Canon Smith does not disguise his own disapproval of the bishop's letters to the Archbishop of Canterbury. 'He had a legal mind, and was far too apt to take exceptions on technical grounds. He was unduly suspicious, and the elaborate politeness of his address was, oh, so terribly official. I do not know if the Archbishop was irritated, but I do know how irritated ordinary men were, even men inclined to sympathize with the opposition to Kikuyu.' He increased the general disquiet when, as Chairman of the Anglo-Catholic Congress in 1923, he urged its members to 'fight for your tabernacles,' and sent greetings to the Pope. It is pleasant to turn to his devoted labours in Africa, which he loved with a passion like that of Livingstone. The natives looked upon him as 'the holy man with a big heart.'

*John Edwin Watts-Ditchfield.* By Ellis N. Gowing. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.) This Life of the first Bishop of Chelmsford has special interest for Methodist readers, for Dr. Watts-Ditchfield was trained for the ministry at Headingley College, and the Methodist

fire burned brightly in him to the last. His special work lay among working men, and both in Upper Holloway and at Bethnal Green he did memorable service among them. He laid himself out to win their confidence, and many striking instances are given of lives that were rescued from degradation and misery through his labours. At Chelmsford he showed the same zeal and tact in the formation and development of the new diocese. Mr. Gowing says that 'he was able to accomplish so much because of what he was. Transparently sincere, he possessed throughout life the natural simplicity of a child.' He was a true evangelist, and this biography will make others covet and seek that gift which is so urgently needed in the Church life of to-day.

*These Hundred Years.* (10 Warwick Lane. 1s.) This is the Foundation Oration delivered in connexion with the coming celebration of the centenary of University College, London, by the Provost, Sir Gregory Foster. We do not wonder that it is punctuated with 'applause,' for it is a proud record of pioneer work in higher education which has had far-reaching influence, and it is linked with great names in all branches of knowledge. So much for its substance. Its method is exactly that to arrest attention and foster enthusiasm for the college and all that it represents. The Union Society did a wise thing when it inaugurated the lecture thirty years ago. Sir William Ramsay sent forth a continuous stream of young chemists; Professor Fleming's pioneer work in connexion with electric lighting and transmission of power has received world-wide recognition. Alexander Kennedy laid the foundations, and built a good deal of the superstructure, of modern engineering education. The coming of women students is an amusing story of fears which vanished when these new candidates for knowledge were admitted. The Oration is delightful from first to last, and every reader will join in wishing another great century to the college.

*The Spiritual Element in History.* By Robert W. McLaughlin. (Abingdon Press. \$2.50.) The writer's object in this important volume is to discover from the page of history what is its final meaning. He explains his purpose and method in an extended Introduction. He then asks, Why is history? Augustine, Hegel, and Marx, in seeking a clue to the meaning of history, recognized three forms of energy—physical, mental, spiritual—though they differed as to origin and relative value. How history is made is then discussed. Its continuity leads to the thought of unity, which suggests the conception of history as a person. The facts in the actual events bring us to the science of history. The writer asks how the three forms of energy operate to create the events of history, and reaches his final problem, whether the three assumptions of sequence, unity, and progress lead to a fourth—God. It is conceivable that with fuller knowledge, the glorious thought of all history embraced in the loving wisdom of God, will be established, as are certain other truths. 'Man will prove in history what Christ affirmed about history.'

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*Le Centenaire de la Librairie Hachette, 1826-1926.* Texte de M. René Doumic, Secrétaire Perpétuel de l'Académie Française. This is the record of a notable century of literary enterprise. Louis Hachette began his library with one book, and with his wife as his only helper. To-day more than 6,000 employees and operatives are engaged in the firm. The way in which the business has spread from one department of literature to another makes an impressive record, and M. Doumic gives brief accounts of the partners, past and present, and of the writers whom they have enlisted in their service. Littré's Dictionary of the French Language is one of their outstanding achievements. *L'Almanach Hachette*, the *Bibliothèque Rose*, the *Mémoires de Saint-Simon*, and the editions of Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot, are only a few of the works by which the house has made its reputation, and it is more alive than ever.

*William Blake.* By Osbert Burdett. (Macmillan & Co. 5s. net.) This is a real addition to the *English Men of Letters* series. It gives an account of Blake's life and of his work as artist, poet, and prose writer, which brings out the genius of the man in an impressive way. He is 'at his best when he is disciplined.' The student will return to the Job designs, the 'Last Judgement,' the illustrations to Virgil, and, 'apart from these great achievements, he will accept the mass of incidental design as the product of a lyric colourist whose purity and brilliance of tone, whose exquisite fancy, can be appreciated fully only by first-hand acquaintance with the originals, for they suffer the loss of half their magic even in the most careful reproductions.' 'The man, the artist, the mystic, the lyric poet, form a complex appeal which makes it fatally easy to do more or less than justice to his several achievements.' His master set him to draw the Gothic monuments in Westminster Abbey and he became 'almost a Gothic monument himself.' Lamb felt his poem to a tiger to be 'glorious,' and looked upon him 'as one of the most extraordinary persons of the age.' Mr. Burdett has given us a fascinating study of the man and his achievement.

*Mrs. Lewis, 'The Drunkard's Friend.'* By W. E. Moss. (Epworth Press. 3s. 6d. net.) This is a stirring record of a life devoted to Christian temperance. Mrs. Lewis was known as 'The Teetotal Queen of Blackburn,' and her mission at Lees Hall was one of the most successful ever conducted by a woman. Miss Agnes Slack says she has seen men and women leading useful lives in Blackburn who had been led step by step from wretchedness to happiness by Mrs. Lewis. Her death on March 14, 1924, was the signal for a great outburst of gratitude for her heroic zeal and devotion. Mr. Moss has done no small service to the cause she loved by this moving story of her wonderful work.

*Uganda in Transformation.* By H. Gresford Jones, D.D. (Church Missionary Society. 3s. 6d.) The writer's personal knowledge of this great mission field gives peculiar interest to his record of its

leading workers and the chief stages in the progress of the work. He is full of admiration for many of the native clergy, and sees that the training and oversight of such men is the primary problem. The college at Mukono is flourishing, and 4,500 Christian teachers are at work—one to every 660 people. Fifty years ago a solitary Englishman represented Christianity at Mengo; now hundreds of thousands of natives are gathered in to the Church, and there is glorious opportunity for further advance. This book will make a strong appeal to many who wish to hasten the triumph of the gospel in Central Africa.—Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co. have published a tenth revised edition of *The Life of Cesare Borgia*, by Rafael Sabatini (12s. 6d.). He holds that Cesare was not guilty of the horrible crimes attributed to him, but the whole story of the Borgias is horrible. It is enough to say that Machiavelli took Borgia as the model for *The Prince* in an age which had 'become almost unable to discriminate between the Saints of the Church and the Harlots of the Town.' The Life is a painful picture of 'a lusty, flamboyant age.' It has a map of Italy in 1490 and many portraits.—*Makers of a New World*. By Jay S. Stowell. (Methodist Book Concern. 75 cents.) Twelve instructive sketches of world benefactors like Oberlin, Earl Shaftesbury, Pestalozzi, Pasteur, and John Howard, with subjects for discussion and lists of books from which further information may be gained. A closing chapter on making the new world gathers up the lessons of these great lives.

The Epworth Press publishes *Arnold Healing: A Memoir*, by his wife. (2s. 6d. net.) It is a beautiful record of a consecrated and fruitful ministry. Mr. Arnold's family link to Matthew Arnold adds to the interest of the book, as does his own love of etchings and engravings. Mrs. Healing has done her work of love with taste and insight, and the memoir will be eagerly read by a host of friends.—*A Nonagenarian's Experiences and Observations in Many Lands*, by S. H. Stott, has much to say about Ceylon, where he followed his father as a missionary, and about Natal, where he went sixty years ago to work among the Indian settlers. His story is rich in details of the past which will be of great interest to many readers.—*John Howard*, by J. G. Rowe, is a vivid, well-informed, and sympathetic study of one of the noblest and most self-sacrificing of our philanthropists. Young people will enjoy it greatly, and so will older folk. (2s. net.)

*The Anglican 'Via Media'*: by C. Sydney Carter, M.A., Litt.D. (Thynne & Jarvis, 8s. 6d. net), shows from contemporary historical documents that the Reformers under Elizabeth stood definitely on the side of the Continental Reformers. Sections on the Eucharist, the Church of Rome, the Church and the Ministry and Ritual Unity cover the whole ground of debate in a way that will greatly help those who have to make their stand against the modern extremists. Archbishop Sancroft himself, though a prominent Caroline Anglo-Catholic, longed for a 'blessed union' of all Churches, both at home and abroad, and spoke of the Romanists as 'our common enemies.'

## GENERAL

*The Psychology of the Methodist Revival: An Empirical and Descriptive Study.* By Sydney G. Dimond, M.A. (Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d.)

AN earlier draft of this book formed the thesis for the writer's degree in Leeds University. It has now been rewritten and some topics of general interest have been expanded. The work is based on original authorities, and includes material from hitherto unpublished manuscripts. It is a subject of never-failing interest for all students of revival, and Mr. Dimond has treated it in the light of modern psychology in a way never before attempted. He says in his Introduction: 'A specially fruitful field for psychological research is offered by the records of Methodism, not only because the rise and development of the movement constitute the most important fact in the history of religion since the Reformation, but because within the system from the beginning the social communication of individual experience has been systematically cultivated.' The historical background of the Revival shows that Wesley's work was one element in an extremely complex period of renaissance. He 'found himself involved in the organization and administration of a great religious community, amid the chaotic conditions of modern English life.' The form which the Revival took was 'the contribution of one man,' and the chapters on the mind and the religious sentiment of Wesley will be closely studied. After his conversion, the certainty of himself and of his destiny never left him. The growth of his character after that event, and its history as the true source of English Methodism, can only be interpreted psychologically in its dependence upon the intellectual elements, that is, in its essential relation to his conception of the object of his religious sentiment. The principal psychological features in the genesis of the Revival were 'the novelty of the field preaching, the wonderful gospel of faith as an instantaneous gift which would cure all the ills of life, and the suggestibility and emotional excitement peculiar to the crowd, together with the indefinable power of the hymns and music.' The chapters on crowd psychology and the primary instincts invite close perusal. They are followed by chapters on conversion, which lead up to the conclusion that 'in all the history of psychological science there is no saying more profoundly significant than that of Jesus, "Ye must be born again."' Mr. Dimond gathers from the story of Methodism a wealth of religious experience which centres in a definite attitude towards ultimate reality and towards the universe. A living experience gathers round it all the great sentiments and persists in personal and social life as a vital and creative spirit.



*A Naturalist at the Zoo.* By E. G. Boulenger. With 34 Illustrations by L. R. Brightwell. (Duckworth. 10s. 6d.)

This volume does not confine its attention to the better-known inmates of the Zoological Gardens, but brings some of the less notorious characters into the limelight. We are first introduced to the man-like apes. The resemblance is strongest in the young animal, but the difference is most obvious in the much greater length of their arms compared with their legs. Amusing stories are told of some of these creatures. Micky had a hatred and contempt of policemen, due to the fact that one of them had made grimaces and shaken his truncheon at his poor relation. He entirely forgot his grievance in the winter of 1914, when large numbers of military visitors passed through his house. Monkeys of all sorts make an amusing chapter. One bear devised an 'umbrella trap' by which he gained the pleasure of tearing up the umbrella of any Good Samaritan who tried to push a bun within the Grizzly's reach. More interesting if possible is the cat family and the Zoo's swimmers, among which the hippopotamus is one of the champions. The giraffe stands above his fellows with a chapter to himself, and 'Pleasure Traffic' appeals specially to young folk. One fine ostrich died after a Bank Holiday with 9½d. in coppers inside it. 'The money was duly credited to the Zoological Society, but was a poor recompense for its loss.' Birds, snakes, and insects all have their place in the record, and the illustrations are cleverly drawn from the life.

*The Oxford Book of Eighteenth-Century Verse.* Chosen by David Nichol Smith. (Clarendon Press. 8s. 6d. net.) This collection of English poetry between 1700 and 1800 stretches from the death of Dryden to that of Cowper. It opens with Pomfret's *Choice*, of which Johnson said, 'Perhaps no composition in our language has been more perused.' Those who first make acquaintance with it in our busy age will have warm sympathy with its 'Method how to live.' The arrangement of the poems is chronological in the main, and all pieces by the same author are placed together. The date of first publication is given at the end of a poem. Both sacred and secular poetry is included. Dr. Watts is freely represented; Toplady and Newton each have a place. John Wesley's translation, 'Thou hidden love of God,' which Emerson and Oliver Wendell Holmes regarded as 'the supreme hymn,' is here, and Charles Wesley's 'Christ, whose glory fills the skies,' 'Wrestling Jacob,' and 'O Thou who camest from above.' Their elder brother also is represented by three short pieces. The selections from Chatterton and Blake are of special interest, though we miss 'Jerusalem.' The value of the book grows upon us as we turn its pages. Beautiful poems which are in danger of being overlooked to-day here gain a new lease of life. Old favourites have their rightful place. It is a volume which really makes us proud of the eighteenth century.—*The Golden*



*Treasury* holds a unique place among our poetic anthologies, and Messrs. Macmillan have now given us an edition to which a Supplementary Fifth Book has been added under the editorship of Laurence Binyon. It extends to 128 pages, and covers nearly the whole Victorian era. The work of poets of the young generation cut off by the war is also included, and a few living poets are represented. Space would not allow the poets of America and the Overseas Dominions to appear in the selection. Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, Browning, Rossetti, Meredith, Christina Rossetti, Patmore, Kipling, Francis Thompson, and Thomas Hardy, and younger poets like Masfield, Sorley, Newbolt, and Rupert Brooke are all in this Fifth Book. It astonishes us to find that the price is only two shillings.—*The Children's Shakespeare: In Shakespeare's Own Words*. Arranged by Arthur Mee. Illustrated from famous paintings. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.) Mr. Mee regards the English Bible and the English Shakespeare as the deathless glory of our race, and he has opened the treasures of both for his host of young friends all over the world. This selection is made with his proved taste and skill, and the four pages of Introduction would have made Shakespeare glad. The cream of twelve plays is given from *As You Like It* to *Romeo and Juliet*, *Julius Caesar*, *Hamlet*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *King Lear*, *Henry the Fourth* (2 parts), *Henry the Fifth*, *Twelfth Night*, *Macbeth*, and *The Tempest*. A page on sources and chief features is prefixed to each play, and the full-page illustrations arrest attention and give zest to the plays. It will be a rare delight for boys and girls to get hold of this volume.—*The Reaction of Natural Science on our English Poets from Chaucer to Milton*. That is the subject of the Livingstone Lectures, delivered by Dr. Sugden, of Queen's College, Melbourne. He begins with astronomy, 'the oldest and most fascinating of all the sciences,' and shows that if poets can no longer employ the picturesque vocabulary of the astrologers, they have a great field in the more impressive conception of our place in the universe which has become current since the seventeenth century. The treatment of physics and of natural history is also discussed with a wealth of poetic illustration which makes these three lectures a real survey of our poetic literature.

*John Galsworthy as a Dramatic Artist*. By R. H. Coats, M.A. (Duckworth. 6s.) Mr. Galsworthy's plays show 'a psychological insight, a social passion, an artistic economy and restraint' which links them closely to his novels. Mr. Coats points out their chief characteristics and gives an outline and estimate of each play. Mr. Galsworthy sees life steadily and represents it as it really is. He is seldom guilty of those lapses from dramatic sympathy and understanding into which Mr. Shaw is led by his 'unique genius for derision.' For him the chief function of art is moral. He does not preach, but takes care to embody his message artistically in his drama as a whole. Mr. Coats helps those who are not playgoers to understand the work of a man who has proved himself

both artist and poet, as well as a keen interpreter of life and character in many various phases.

*Good-bye, Stranger*, By Stella Benson. (Macmillan & Co. 7s. 6d.) No one lights up such a world of strange characters as Miss Benson. Lena admits that there is 'more fairy than man in Clifford Cotton,' and she is herself as weird as she can be made. The scene of the story is a mission station in China, where Cotton introduces himself to the women who are selling tickets for a show. 'They've stopped me being a missionary, so I'm only the mission printer now.' It is the strangest world into which Miss Benson leads us, and we are kept wondering to the very last over the changeling who comes to himself after seven years full of marvels. America plays a large part in Daley's story, and there are glimpses of China that recall Miss Benson's *Little World*.—*Framley Parsonage* is now added to *The World's Classics* (H. Milford, 2s. net), and it richly deserves the honour, for it is Anthony Trollope in his happiest vein. It is a real gain to have such a neat and cheap edition.—*The Shooting Party*. By Anton Chekhov. (Stanley Paul & Co. 7s. 6d.) Mr. A. E. Chamot has prefaced his vigorous translation by an interesting account of Chekhov and his work. The story is distinctly unsavoury and its hero is contemptible, but has its interest as a mirror of one side of bygone life in Russia.

*These Diversions: Reading*. By Hugh Walpole. *Talking*. By J. B. Priestley. (Jarrolds. 3s. 6d. each.) These are neatly-bound and well-printed little volumes, and the subjects are so delightfully familiar that the thoughts of Mr. Walpole and Mr. Priestley pleasantly stir up our own. Both essayists, and especially Mr. Walpole, allow us to share their own experience. We seem to be comparing impressions at every step. Mr. Walpole says he was saved from hopeless ruin by the intrusion of Carlyle, who made the idle, lotus-eating reader conscious of a sudden thirst for education. Mr. Priestley has another subject which appeals to us all. He has his thrust at such masters of the art as Coleridge, Mackintosh, and Macaulay, 'who were called great talkers because they published in folio at the dinner-table,' but he does not forget how someone said, after listening to Coleridge, 'That man is entitled to speak on till Doomsday.' The essayist has spent delightful hours in talk with friends, and his essay makes us prize our kindred memories.

The Epworth Press issues some books of great interest. *The Cult of Keeping Afloat*, by C. J. Cumberworth, B.D., D.Litt. (2s. 6d.), is another set of 'Tonic Talks.' There are fifty of them, and, though they cover only a couple of pages each, they stir one's thought and leave a distinct impression on the mind. It is certainly a refreshing volume.—*Christianity and Spiritualism*, by Arthur B. Bateman (2s. net), is one of the best informed and most helpful books on a subject

which appeals to a large and growing circle. 'At every crucial test these spirit messages have failed ignominiously. If we are to receive communications from that other world, then let them be such as shall be serviceable to mankind.' A timely and reasonable discussion of Spiritualism in its relation to Christianity.—*Adventures in Boyland*, by James Butterworth (2s. and 3s.), follows up the author's *Byways in Boyland* with an account of methods and ventures in carrying on the boys' club in Lambeth. It is a record that will give courage to other workers and put them on sound lines in this adventurous work. It is very much alive, and all who read it will rejoice that the new church and schools for this clubland are now made possible by generous friends, who see what a blessing the work is bringing to South London.—Cruden's Concordance in a compact and well-printed form at three shillings and sixpence will be a boon to Bible students, and the information at the end is certainly *multum in parvo*.—*The Methodist Handbook for 1926-7* (9d.) gives names and addresses of ministers and laymen, statistics, appointed lessons, and much other information. It has a portrait of the President, and will be very welcome to a host of Methodists who do not see the Minutes of Conference.

*Psycho-analysis Explained and Criticized*. By A. E. Baker, M.A. (S.P.C.K. 3s. 6d.) This careful and most interesting study leads to the conclusion that psycho-analysis contains much plausible speculation, many interesting and amusing assumptions. Freud's strong point is fancy. He lacks critical power. As the whole imposing structure 'is essentially improbable, there is no reason why psychologists should continue to use its terminology.' That is the conclusion reached by a study of dreams, complexes, and the unconscious. It is a forcible and much-needed warning against the dangers of the system.—*Whitaker's Almanack*, which is indispensable to us all, now appears in two forms. The six-shilling volume has all the familiar wealth of information, revised and brought up to date in the most efficient way. This is 'The Complete Whitaker,' as it is to be named on its fifty-ninth birthday. Its stores have been rearranged, a table of abbreviations in common use has been added, and many other new features appear, including an article on New Zealand by the Prime Minister of the Dominion. The Abridged Edition (1s. 6d.) is a clever condensation of the larger volume, which will be of great service to busy men and women. Many of us could not face our daily tasks without *Whitaker* at our elbow.—Two valuable books on China come from the Student Christian Movement. *China To-day through Chinese Eyes* (2s. 6d.) follows up the volume with the same title which appeared in 1922. It is written by seven Chinese Christian scholars, and points out frankly the ways in which missionary work might be made more effective. Dr. Yui is 'confident that a new China is already steadily unfolding herself before us.' It is a hopeful and helpful book.—Dr. MacLagan's *Chinese Religious Ideas* (6s.) is a survey of Confucian morality, Taoism, and Chinese

ideas of salvation, followed by his view of the way in which the Christian faith may best be introduced into the climate of the Chinese mind. The contact must be with some truth already held, not with some error, and on this subject Dr. MacLagan speaks with wisdom and authority.—*From Field to Factory*, by Margaret Read (Student Christian Movement, 1s. 6d.), is 'an introductory study of the Indian peasant turned factory hand,' which answers questions put to the writer by girls and women in the textile factories of Yorkshire. It describes life in an Indian village, where poverty, ignorance, and disease have made the people eagerly turn to factory work. The agriculturist brings his country habits with him, working when he pleases and resting when he pleases. The East and West are in partnership, and are doing much to grapple with the problems that arise under the factory system.—*The Self-Seeker and his Search*. By I. C. Isbyam. (C. W. Daniel Coy. 5s. net.) This volume is represented in its Preface as an epitome of Constantine Trouvery's account of his own life. He seemed at first an embodiment of intellectual curiosity. Further friendship made it clear that his policy was to live in such a way as to give him the greatest possible satisfaction at every moment and throughout. That seemed likely to lead him into inconsistencies of conduct and opinion which must be a source of real distress. That is the burden of the conversation between the two friends.—*The Philosophy of Francis Bacon*. By C. D. Broad, Litt.D. (Cambridge University Press. 2s. 6d. net.) This is the address which Dr. Broad delivered at the Bacon Tercentenary. It discusses his claims to be the Father of Inductive Reasoning. He set himself to bring about the Great Instauration, and show men how to win back that dominion over Nature which was lost at the Fall. Dr. Broad describes Bacon's plan, and examines his views as to the relations of reason and revelation. Religion had little to hope and nothing to fear from the advance of Natural Philosophy. Bacon was a sincere if unenthusiastic Christian of the sensible school. He did not discover new facts and establish physical theories which form the basis of modern science, nor did he give science its general methods and its outlook on the world. In his analysis of inductive arguments he broke new ground, and all later discussion has followed on his lines. Dr. Broad strikes us as somewhat severe on Bacon as an experimenter, but if he was an incompetent experimenter, did he not inspire others to investigate Nature by his words and his example?—*Looking at the World: Poems*. By Alexander Zimmerman. The dedicatory poems to America show that the writer has made his home in that country and wants it to welcome his work. The poems are very short, and cover a wide range of themes; the plaintive note is prominent, but there is both thought and feeling in the verses.—*Edward and Agnes*, by T. W. Collett, is a ballad of Nithsdale. (Merton Press.) The lady's love for her page makes a grim story. Edward keeps his honour, but loses his life through the woman's false accusation.—*A Book about Football*. By Hayte Mayfield. (Epworth Press. 2s. net.) The origin of football, the story of the

pioneers of the game, the formation of the Football League, and everything that lovers of the game want to know, is in this little book. It is the work of an enthusiast and an expert, and will have a hearty welcome wherever football is played.—Mr. Stockwell sends us three volumes—*Chain of Psychic Experiences*, by J. Marples (2s.); *Inner Meaning of the Lord's Prayer* (1s. 6d.); *From the Church of England to God*, a poem in six parts, with a prologue (3s. 6d.). The title of the last is a sufficient indication of its spirit.—*Making Life Count*. By William W. Reid. (Methodist Book Concern. 75 cents.) A set of papers which will help young people to see how and where they may invest their lives. It shows the opportunities that preachers, teachers, doctors, and others have of doing service, and puts everything so brightly that it is sure to be popular as 'an elective course for students.'

The Epworth Press sends us *England's Book of Praise* (2s. 6d. net), by John Telford, B.A. It covers a wide field, for it follows the river of sacred song from the Jewish hymn-book on to our own times. The hymns of the Greek Church, the great Latin hymns, the hymns of Luther, Watts, and the Wesleys—there is something about them all, and it is put in a way that will win the book a warm welcome.—*Evangelical By-Paths*, by Alfred L. Hunt, M.A. (Thynne & Jarvis. 3s. 6d. net), represents long and careful research into the chief events of the Evangelical Revival. It has little to say of the Wesleys, but brings out much that is interesting as to Whitefield, Lady Huntingdon, John Fletcher, John Newton, and others. Special attention is given to David Simpson of Macclesfield. Grimshaw is described as 'The Father of the Revival.' We shall look forward to the *Life of David Simpson* which Mr. Hunt has in preparation.—*The Doctor's Conquest*, by E. A. Stephenson (Epworth Press, 1s. 6d. net.), is a love-story of unusual merit. The scene is laid in South Africa, and the young doctor wins a delightful partner.—*The Girls of the Swallow Patrol*, by S. E. Marten, are a happy set, and have many adventures, out of which they come with flying colours. (Epworth Press. 2s. net.)

The Trade Union *Report on Rheumatism* gives a painful picture of the disability thus caused to the world's workers. Out of 100,000 members of the Trade Union Approved Society rheumatism affects 6 to 10 per cent. Dr. Van Bremen, of Amsterdam, says the economic result of 10 per cent. of rheumatism is equivalent to 25 per cent. of tuberculosis. In Great Britain 370,000 insured persons seek advice each year in respect of some form of rheumatic trouble, and three million weeks' work is lost through rheumatism every year. The Secretary's account of a party of investigation which visited the Continental and British Spas is of real value, and suggestions are made for grappling with the trouble.



## Periodical Literature

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### BRITISH

**Edinburgh Review** (January).—Professor Alison Phillips writes on 'American Imperialism.' He calls attention to the singular contradiction between profession and practice displayed by the American Government during the controversies which have arisen out of the question of the world's oil supplies. 'It is not unreasonable to ask why, if the United States has "a right to share in any discussions relating to the status of such concessions" in the Near East, Great Britain—which is an American Power in a sense in which the United States is certainly not a Near Eastern Power—should be debarred from sharing in the discussion of concessions in the Western hemisphere. Certainly the Monroe Doctrine, originally reciprocal, has become a regional understanding of a very one-sided kind; it seems to have been extended to all the world in something of the sense given to it in the fifties in its application to the Americas.' Mr. Petrie contributes an article on 'The United States in the Philippines.' The recent discovery of the rubber potentialities of the archipelago has changed the situation, and the demand for independence will meet with very strong opposition from the powerful rubber syndicates. Signor Villari's 'Origins and Spirit of Fascism' is a review of Mussolini's four years' administration. Legislation has altered the whole face of the country. Its aim has been to carry out all the reforms necessary to cure the country of the ills inflicted on it by the degeneration of Parliament and by the demagogic and facetious spirit, and to provide for economic reconstruction without regard to vested interests or class prejudices. The Fascists have also endeavoured to organize the State and the nation so as to make any return of the old, unhappy state of things impossible.

**Hibbert Journal** (January).—Professor Gilbert Murray discusses 'The Next Set of Problems but One.' He means that at all costs the menace of war must be removed, by the work of the League of Nations and all men of good will. Till that is done, nothing is done. Then a set of questions emerges, serving as tests whether the civilization we now have is worth preserving, and sketching out the ways in which this might be done. The whole paper deserves study. Mlle A. Lion describes 'Fascism: What it Believes and Aims At,' giving a decidedly favourable view of what at best is a complex and portentous phenomenon in modern Europe. Mr. F. S. Marvin's article on 'The Middle Way in England' shows both the advantages and disadvantages of our national love of compromise and the *via media*. England has, Mr. Marvin thinks, good credentials



in language and history to live up to, and the future will demand all her best powers. Professor Perry discusses 'The Drama of Death and Resurrection' in sundry mysteries and mythologies. Professor S. Alexander, deciding that the doctrines of Divine Immanence and Transcendence cannot legitimately be held both together, as in Theism they professedly are, propounds the solution of a 'growing' God as a goal towards which we are progressing. Dr. Alexander has already done this in his *Space, Time, and the Deity*—apparently with little success. One of the best articles in the number is Dr. Vincent Taylor's critical examination of Strömholm's 'Riddle,' propounded in recent numbers of the *Hibbert*. We cannot summarize the discussion, but Dr. Taylor's exposure of fanciful theories of the Gospels is as damaging and effective in argument as it is quietly courteous in style. Strömholm's views in themselves were hardly worth powder and shot, but, as a specimen of *Formgeschichte* criticism, their feebleness needed exposure, and Dr. Vincent Taylor has done the work well. Mrs. Liveing's sketch of 'The Curé d'Ars' describes the modern Roman Catholic saint at his best. Other articles are 'The Public Schools,' by F. J. R. Hendy; 'Art and the Modern City,' by James A. Morris; and 'Aristotle's Politics,' by Werner Jaeger (translated).

**Journal of Theological Studies** (October).—The opening paper, by Dr. Kennett, contains a scholarly study of Zech. xii.-xiii. 1, to which he assigns the date c. 141 B.C. The historical explanations of details contain much that is speculative. Dr. C. H. Turner continues his instructive notes on 'Marcan Usage,' begun in earlier numbers of the *Journal*. Dr. Barnes's examination of the fourth Psalm deals with the subject of 'Bible Translation, Official and Unofficial,' as illustrated by this brief Psalm. Dr. Moffatt's translation is praised as vigorous, but is said to have 'missed the key' to its meaning as given in v. 7. Professor Burkitt contributes two short papers on Luke ix. 54-6 and on the text of the *Canticu Solis*. Other Notes and Studies are 'The Memoria Apostolorum on the Via Appia,' by Dr. Stuart Jones, and Professor Burkitt's paper on Codex Bezae and the Sortes Sangallenses. The Reviews of Books are for the most part valuable, as well as interesting.

**Expository Times** (January).—In addition to the Editors' Notes of Recent Exposition, there are three or four leading articles of considerable interest and importance. One is by the Rev. C. J. Wright, B.D., of Penzance, entitled 'Some Tendencies and Problems in Modern Theology,' dealing in a critical but constructive spirit with the theological needs of this generation. Mr. Wright has especially in view the many serious changes brought about by the Comparative Study of Religions, the Historical and Literary Criticism of the Bible, and the Progress and Claims of Physical Science. In another paper, Professor Micklem deals with Congregationalism as one of 'Present-Day Faiths.' Another very suggestive paper is by a missionary—the Rev. Campbell Moody, of Formosa—who deals

with 'Spiritual Power in Pagan Religions,' viewed in the light of the Old Testament. Professor J. E. MacFadyen and Dr. Grieve give some account of Recent Foreign Theology—a boon to readers who cannot follow in French and German the progress of theological thought on the Continent. Under the heading 'Entre Nous' the reader will find interesting notes on current literature.

**Holborn Review** (January).—The more solid theological contents of this number are to be found in three articles, each with a distinction of its own. Professor R. Mackintosh unfolds the 'Religion of the Shorter Catechism.' Of the document itself he thinks highly, as do all who know it. But he asks that as the Shorter Catechism speaks well at its beginning and also ends well, 'ought its main substance to be so painfully contrasted with its own better mind?' Professor A. L. Humphries continues his 'Attempt at a Constructive Doctrine of the Atonement,' and so modest and well-thought-out an effort to deal briefly with a great subject will commend itself to all who have tried to expound the doctrine of the Cross. 'Science and the Christian Religion,' by A. R. L. Gardner, is a timely article, calculated to strengthen the faith of many. It ends with the suggestive question, 'Does the Science of Human Society Restate the Christian Faith?' The writer of the article on 'Poetry and the Plain Man' writes in an interesting fashion, whatever be thought of his crowning advice—'Finally, we should try to write verse, all of us'! Other articles are 'The Sin of Simon Peter,' by the Rev. J. C. Mantripp; 'Fulfil My Ministry,' an ordination charge by the Rev. E. Barrett; and 'The Sphinx of Chinese Politics,' by the Rev. A. N. Rowland. A very interesting and effective personal touch is discernible throughout Dr. Peake's Editorial Notes. In this number he deals with Dr. Edwin Abbott, Mr. T. C. Snow, Dr. George A. Gordon, and other notable figures. The whole number is valuable, as well as interesting.

**The Modern Churchman** (October) (Blackwell, 3s. 6d.) gathers together the sermons and papers delivered at the thirteenth Conference of Modern Churchmen held at Girton College. It is an impressive survey, beginning with Primitive Sacramentalism, Semitic Sacramental Rites, and the Pagan Mysteries. Then it brings out the teaching of the New Testament, and traces the Patristic Doctrines, the Sacramentalism of Aquinas, the Reformers and Mystics. This clear and careful study of the history leads up to practical papers on the Value of Sacraments To-day, their Misuse, and the place of the arts in relation to them. Dr. Astley speaks plainly as to the belief that baptism produces a spiritual change *ex opere operato*, and that the elements in the Eucharist are supposed to be 'transubstantiated' at the word of a so-called 'priest.' There, he says, 'we enter at once on the field of magic.' Mr. Blackwell is the sole distributor of the *Catalogue of German Philosophical Books*, which covers 270 pages, and of which a copy will be sent gratis on application to him at Broad Street, Oxford.

**Church Quarterly Review** (October).—Dr. Frere writes on the history of 'The Christian Altar,' Canon Richmond on 'The Gospel of Life.' The final saying of the Fourth Gospel is, 'The life is the light.' The experience of the indwelling life of God in humanity quickens the aspiration to live the life which its own light reveals. Dr. Headlam discusses the Report of the Coal Commission. Capital and Capitalism, he points out, are necessary to the well-being of the working classes. If its leaders fulfil their functions wisely, society will be stable.—(January).—The first article, by F. R. G. Duckworth, is on Giovanni Gentile, whose work as Minister of Education under the Fascist Government was based on the concept of freedom. His views on the reading of texts appear to need revision, but the value of his contribution to educational theory can hardly be disputed. Professor Claude Jenkins deals with the theology of St. Peter Chrysologus, Archbishop of Ravenna in the fifth century. He cannot be placed intellectually on a par with St. Augustine, but his view of man is perhaps nobler. Dean Matthews holds that Newman's definition of a university as 'a place of teaching universal knowledge' has been realized in University College and King's College, which are really themselves universities. If the Archbishops' Commission of Religious Education should quickly formulate a practical programme of advance, 'this time of crisis for theology may turn out to be a time of opportunity.'

**Congregational Quarterly** (January).—The Editor's Notes are much alive, and the number deals with 'Re-making Men,' a study of prison discipline; 'Spiritualism and Psychical Research.' Professor Mackintosh's 'Theological Aphorisms' will stir other minds, and the new feature, 'On Life and Books,' gives welcome variety to the literary notices.

**Science Progress** (January).—Recent Advances in Special Sciences are carefully chronicled, and four articles deal with important subjects such as 'Surface Tension,' 'Complex Structures from the Point of View of Crystallography and X-rays,' &c. Mr. Joshua C. Gregory, in 'Locke on Seventeenth-Century Science,' says that he 'summarized the science of his time with a brevity intelligible to contemporaries who possessed the context. Perhaps the deductiveness, as well as the piety, of his age is manifest in his plea for the plurality of worlds. If God was wise and good and great, the "fixt stars" would be suns, and their retinues would be "systems of inhabitable planets."' There are many valuable Notes and Reviews of Books.

**The Pilgrim** (January).—This is the final number of *The Pilgrim*. It has done valuable work for six years, but has not gained the support which was necessary to make it pay. Dr. Temple's notes and articles have been illuminating, and such a paper as 'Psychology and the Pulpit' in this number is of special interest, and brings out the gains to the preacher in an impressive way.

**Cornhill Magazine** (January to March).—Halliwell Sutcliffe's *Winds of March* is an engrossing serial, with mystery, tragedy, sport, and love woven together in a way that keeps one longing for the next month to come round. Geoffrey Madan's February article on 'Arthur Benson's Note-books' gives a very happy picture of his friend. 'A Girl's Friendship with John Ruskin' is a picture of Brantwood and its master that we should be sorry to miss. 'Charles the Pigeon' is an astonishing story of the German occupation of Lille. *Cornhill* certainly holds its premier place among the monthlies.

### AMERICAN

**Journal of Religion** (November).—The opening article, by Professor Goodspeed, the well-known New Testament scholar, presents in attractive form 'The Challenge of New Testament Study.' Because so much has been done in this department, *therefore* much more needs to be done, cries out to be done, and must ere long be done. 'Worship and Theism,' by C. A. Bennett, shows that worship necessitates a personal God, but that the hypothesis is cumbered with difficulties. These two themes are well worked out, but a somewhat lame and impotent conclusion follows, for Professor Bennett does not make as clear as he might 'how this personal conception is tenable in the light of modern thought.' Dr. Le Bosquet will find many readers interested in his plea, as a pastor, for more 'authoritative' teaching in theological colleges—not the old formal, external authority, but the provision of some basis on which ministers and people may alike find rest in the preaching of the Word. Professor Spinks, fresh from a visit to Russia, writes interestingly on 'Progressive Religious Thought' in that country. An important paper on 'Movements towards Church Union in South India,' by Clifford Manshardt, a missionary at Ahmednagar, helps to make up an attractive number, full of interest and value.

**Princeton Theological Review** (October).—This number opens with a long and very interesting appreciation of the life and work of Professor John D. Davis, a member of the Princeton staff recently deceased. It is written by a colleague, Dr. F. W. Loetscher, and gives an excellent characterization of a scholar whose loss is being keenly felt. Under the title 'A New Standard Bible Dictionary,' Dr. Oswald T. Allis gives an account of the New Revised Edition of the *Jacobus—Nourse—Zenos Dictionary* (published 1909) as enlarged and improved in 1926. The article is too long to summarize, but the writer closes by saying that the issue between the Bible and the critics is whether we are to *adopt* the Bible as our standard in all things, or *adapt* its teachings to suit our own ideas. The closing paper on 'Jesus and the Old Testament,' by R. D. Wilson, assumes many data as axioms which are certainly not accepted by all biblical students.

**Methodist Review** (New York) (November).—This is an excellent number, providing material for varied tastes. The first two articles appeal more especially to American readers—Professor Swete's on 'Some Present-Day Latin-American Problems,' and Dr. Nadler's vigorous enforcement of 'Luther's Message to US.' These are followed by 'Woman and War,' by Dr. G. M'Adam, and 'The Warring Morals of Man,' by F. W. Morrow. The most thoughtful and suggestive paper in the number seeks to answer the reiterated question, 'Is Christianity the Absolute Religion?' The sense in which the claim of Christianity to be absolute and final, consistently with true progress in religion throughout the world, is explained. Other papers are on 'The Soul of the New Testament,' on 'Satan,' and on Wesley as the 'St. Francis of Protestantism.' Excellent material for ministerial readers is found under the headings 'Notes and Discussions,' 'The Arena,' and 'Biblical Research.' The Reviews of Books give a good conspectus of current theological literature.

**Christian Union Quarterly** (January).—Dr. Ainslie devotes his Editorial Notes to 'The Barriers to Union and their Removal.' He gives the opinions of Church leaders on both sides of the Atlantic, and expresses his view that the presentation is hopeful. 'Ecclesiastical and theological barriers figure least, particularly ecclesiastical. The social and spiritual have the larger places.' The Rev. A. C. Osborn, of Melbourne University, says the movement for Church Union in Australia was brought to a standstill by an adverse vote in Presbyterian Assemblies, which showed that, for at least a decade, further discussion was useless. Dr. Tasker gives some account of *Una Sancta*, the new Quarterly which represents the Ecumenical High Church Association in Germany. Its contributors include Roman Catholics, Greek Catholics, Old Catholics, Anglicans, Reformed, and Lutherans; and the Stockholm Conference is regarded as a 'symbol of unity in the love of Christ.'

**Anglican Theological Review** (October).—Dr. Ritter, of St. George's Church, New York, writes on 'Problems and Tasks of the Modern Pulpit': 'If there is one thing the man—yes, and the woman—in the pew are demanding to-day it is great preaching.' Delivery, intonation, gesture, must be taken into account. The preacher must know his people and be their companion on the way. Professor F. J. Hall deals with 'Requirements for Reunion,' and the Notices of Books are a valuable feature of the Review.

**Canadian Journal of Religious Thought** (December).—'A Layman's View of Modernism,' by Dr. Lindsay, of Belfast, regards it as on the side of spiritual religion. Professor Duckworth, of Trinity University, Toronto, writes on 'Christianity under the Crescent.' The Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem was used as a hostel at Christmas in 1651. The worshippers spent two or three days and nights there, and lit fires to cook their food and keep themselves warm. Bakers' stalls were set up, and there was a continual tumult of chattering, laughing, screaming, and flute-playing.

**Harvard Theological Review** (October).—Professor Robert P. Blake gives a critical account of *The Georgian Version of Fourth Esdras from the Jerusalem Manuscript*. The Georgian text is printed in full, together with a Latin translation. Professor Blake decides against a Greek origin for this version, but finds in it traces of Armenian influence, though it is 'in no wise connected with our present Armenian text.' A short article on *A Fragment of a Lost Work by Dioscorus* is contributed by Professor William H. P. Hatch, and Dr. James H. Ropes reviews favourably Dr. Karl Staab's study of *The Greek Catena to the Catholic Epistles*, in *Biblica*, 'the learned and valuable Quarterly published by the Papal Pontifical Institute.'

### FOREIGN

**Calcutta Review** (November).—Mr. Das describes the departure of Sir William Norris from the Mogul's camp. The Nabob received him in state. Elephants and horses were drawn up on each side, richly adorned. A large area was crowded with gunmen, to show what forces the Nabob had. There was no rank or order. A more confused mob could not be conceived. After various compliments, all the elephants, richly adorned, came in succession and salaamed with their trunks and bent their feet. The horses followed, richly caparisoned and painted. Sir William reached Surat on March 12, 1702.

**Revue des Sciences Philosophiques et Theologiques** (October).—M. Mandonnet writes an important study on St. Thomas Aquinas as the creator of the '*dispute quodlibétique*,' and M. Chenu on a work by R. Kilwardby—*De Spiritu imaginativo*—which is among the works of that author which William Gray, Bishop of Ely (1478), bequeathed to the library of Balliol College. The work shows how the masters at Oxford were penetrated by the teaching of Aristotle and Augustine.

**Analecta Bolandiana**.—In the latest issue, M. Delahaye begins a study of 'Roman Hagiography and Archaeology' and of 'Letters of Indulgence.' Paul Peeter's account of the Arabic Passion of St. Abd al-Masih, the martyr of Singar, is of special interest to students. It gives the Arabic text, a Latin translation, and a valuable introduction. Notices of hagiographical works occupy more than ninety pages.



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